Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1839.

Mr. Willis in Europe.—We cannot refrain from noticing the correspondence of this gentleman, which now weekly sparkles in the pages of the *Corsair*. It is usual enough to say of the letters of Mr. WILLIS that they are light, flippant affairs, such as a coxscomb only could write. In our opinion they are the most interesting letters, a thousand fold, we ever read from travellers abroad. The New York *American* has had a correspondent in Paris, whose reflections upon the literature and politics of Europe, and the gaieties and amusements of Paris, were remarkable for their vigor and comprehensiveness in the one case, and their refinement and good taste in the other. But his letters are in an entirely different vein from those of Mr. Willis—they are addressed to a different and more limited class, or, perhaps we should say that they *are read* by a distinct and smaller number. But that gentleman is the only letter writer in Europe who contributes to American newspapers who can at all compare with Mr. Willis.

This latter gentleman writes upon the identical themes that interest the largest number of educated newspaper readers—of society, fashion, art, literature, and the like. He gives a thousand personal sketches, which every one is eager to read. And he not only chooses the most pleasing topics for his letters, but he writes upon them with unequalled tact, delicacy, and elegance. No one can excel him in giving pictures of the manners of the society in which he moves. And furthermore, no other American letter writer, save the correspondent of the *American*, has access to the same society with Mr. Willis. And this, by the way, is the secret of half the fault finding. The snarling and jeering comes from a few envious fools, ridiculously jealous, and all their fretting is impotent, for everybody reads the letters, and is glad to read them, and will continue to read them. We observe in our exchange papers that they are copied from one end of the country to the other.

And yet we have every little while some spiteful or silly editor writing of the dulness of the *Corsair*—the newspaper in which these letters appear. Had the Corsair nothing more to make it interesting than these letters, it would still be the last paper in the world to which to attribute dulness. But it is in no respect a dull paper, and were it to be at once deprived of this valuable auxiliary, it could not be dull; the plan on which it is conducted, if not the cleverness of the editors, must inevitably make it interesting. To talk of the *dulness* of a paper which is half composed of *selections* from the wittiest and most elegant magazines in the world, is utterly absurd. You might as well call the "Spirit" dull, and hope to be believed.

It would hardly be just to a contemporary, if we should regularly re-publish the letters of Mr. Willis, but we have made room for a short sketch of TAGLIONI, from his last letter. It will be found on the last page.

Fanny.—We at last have an authorized edition of this clever, witty poem of Mr. HALLECK. A year ago it was almost out of print—nay, quite so, if the booksellers are to be believed. Then a pirated edition was issued in a very homely form, but it has probably had the effect to drive the author to a re-publication of his suppressed work. The Harpers have made a beautiful book of it in outward graces, and besides "Fanny," it contains several miscellaneous poems of the author.

Lady Flora Hastings.—Some editor has been laughing at this paper for an article which appeared in it three weeks since editorially, reflecting severely, and at length, upon the conduct of the Queen towards the lamented Lady Flora Hastings. The ground of the ridicule, or censure, is, that the article indicates an ultra democratic feeling—a morbid desire to abuse everything high-bred in English society—a vulgar antipathy to English institutions. To calm our censors' feelings, we may as well say that the article was written, not by the editor, but by an English gentleman, who is a favorite and admired correspondent of this paper. It is not often that we can avail ourselves of the talents of another for editorial articles; it is somewhat odd that in the only instance in which we recollect to have done so for a long while, especial offence should be taken to the article because it was so anti-English, when, in truth, it was written by an Englishman—a full-blooded "Britisher," as Jack Reeve would call him.

Mrs. Lewer's Re-publications.—We cannot pretend to notice all of these very valuable works, but are reminded by the appearance of the London "Quarterly," and the "Foreign Quarterly," which are just out, to advise every gentleman who has any taste for literature to subscribe for the series. There is but one way in which so little money will secure so much pleasure, and that our modesty forbids us to mention; a quick-witted friend, peeping over our shoulder, thinks we mean "taking the 'Spirit.'" Perhaps we do.

Half Apologetical.—The reader will find on the eighth page of this day's paper an article on English Colonial Emancipation. The subject is not one usually alluded to in our columns, but the author has treated his subject in this instance with such force, that we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of copying it. We should remark, however, that it is but a part of a long and very brilliant article in Blackwood, a good portion of which has no peculiar relation to this country.

It may not be out of place to remark here, that we often have occasion to copy or quote from English high Tory journals, magazines, or reviews. In all such publications it is impossible not to meet with expressions of sentiments and opinions utterly opposed to the theory of our own institutions. Were an American editor rigorously to exclude every article which might appear to him objectionable on this account, he would deprive his readers of infinite pleasure. We never presumed that *our* readers were such dolts as not to understand this thoroughly—nor do we now so estimate them, but some one has drawn our attention to what he deems the heretical tenor of some selected articles, and as the subject was naturally suggested, we have thought fit to volunteer this explanation. The best review in England, nay, in the world, is the London Quarterly;—the best magazine, Blackwood's, by an illimitable distance; but they are both violent Tory, and the Review has been esteemed, and often is, offensively anti-American. Nevertheless, we quote from either, however saucy and impertinent, and for this reason, that as we ourselves do not fear any seduction of our patriotism and American notions of government, so it never occurs to us that those of our readers are in danger; and it would, therefore, be arrant folly, nay, cowardly injustice to both editor and reader, to avoid the use of brilliant, eloquent articles because the authors of them are politically opposed to us.

CHANGE IN PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

MASQUERADES.

Masquerades have, in these days, been superseded by fancy balls, which seem to be a bad substitute, inasmuch as the natural *mauvaise honte* of the English renders the assumption of a character exceedingly embarrassing; and nothing in the world looks more absurd than a respectable gentleman and his wife, dressed up as Swiss peasants, with their eyebrows corked, and their faces painted, talking gravely about their domestic affairs, just as if they were in their natural costume; or a Greek chieftain and a pasha of three tails lounging with a lovely Whang-fong from China, discussing the merits, or more probably the demerits, of the last night's party somewhere else. The mask, besides the consciousness of concealment, and the consequent confidence, gives the desired character to the countenance; and in the olden time, the fun of "hunting down," and "finding out" friends in disguise, was really good.

DANCING.

As to balls themselves, thirty years ago, country-dances (now expelled, except by way of joke) were the fashion; and fifty years ago, preceded by the minuet, were the dances of the court. A lady and gentleman "walking" a minuet (as it is called) now-a-days would be considered typical of Adam and Eve before the fall.

Here, however, is a double mutation; for the quadrille, which has superseded the country or *contre-danse*, is but the revival of the cotillion; while the *game* of quadrille, once all the rage, has been driven from society by that refined edition of "all-fours"—"*Ecarte.*" The Valtz, which invaded our shores in war time, and frightened the sober and sedate from their propriety, seems to have been also a mere revivification of a dance described, with singular point and animation, by the old gentleman in the "Spectator," who says, "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure had you been here you would have seen great matter for speculation."

Lady Blessington, in her interesting and entertaining work, "The Idler in Italy," recently published, informs us that the French mode of dancing the valtz is entirely free from the imputations which the fastidious still cast upon the method of performing it in England. As to dancing, generally speaking, it appears to be reduced to a fashion rather than an amusement, for two reasons: one, because if there is room left in a ball-room for dancing, the party is considered dull; and the other, because if there be adequate space, the figures are walked, or rather slept through by the performers, as if the whole affair was a "bore," and that the appearance of being either entertained or excited, was something too shocking to be thought of.

PUBLIC GARDENS.

Formerly Kensington Gardens were quite good enough for the Sunday promenade, which was open for all respectable persons who delighted in mingling with those with whom they could not elsewhere be associated—now nobody goes to Kensington Gardens, except to hear one of the splendid bands of the Household Cavalry regiments play—and this is always on what is called a "week-day," and lest anybody beyond the "chosen few" should benefit by the amusement, the day, and even hour of the performance is kept a secret from all but what Mrs. Trollope calls "*La Creme*," as closely and securely as was in the days of pugilism the place at which the fight was to come off.

A quarter of a century ago the fashionable drive was up and down what is called Rotten-row; now the drive is across the Park from Piccadilly to Cumberland-gate, a change infinitely for the better, as it affords a junction of drivers, riders, and walkers, which was never effected on the old and exploded system.

Seventy years ago a fashionable public place, called "Marybone Gardens," existed, where now stand Weymouth street, Upper Harley-street, and that of the surrounding buildings; nothing remains to mark this once favorite spot but a small public-house, still extant in High street. The entrance to the gardens having been the site of a large dwelling, once a ladies' seminary, and now in the occupation of Mr. Tilbury.

Ranelagh, sixty years since, was the very *acme* of fashion—it was the indispensable comfort and support of society—its amusements consisted of walking round the rotunda, like a horse in a mill, amidst the fumes of tea and coffee, which were made from kettles of water, boiling on fires in the centre of the room, and drank by the gallon, in little pigeon-hole boxes by the most exalted and distinguished persons in the realm, whose conversation was just sufficiently mystified by the music of a particularly bad orchestra to make it safe—but Ranelagh was for years all in all; the carriages have been known to reach from the top of St. James's-street in one continuous line to its doors; and within these very few years the road now called Ranelagh-street, I believe, was divided down the centre with posts and rails, to keep the "trains" going and returning, on their respective lines.

Ranelagh has vanished from the face of the earth; another ladies' seminary occupies part of its site, a steam-engine puffs forth its noisome smoke, where in other days the sighs of lovers filled the air, and a thing called a dolphin, constructed for the purpose of pumping up pure water from the embouchure of the common sewer of Westminster, rears its head, where formerly a splendid flight of steps invited the anxious guests who preferred visiting the terrestrial paradise by water, to the perils of the crowd of carriages by land.

To Ranelagh succeeded Vauxhall; and odd enough to say, the report which was recently circulated, that Vauxhall was also gone the way of all "public amusements," induced the writing of this paper. The report, the newspapers tell us, is not true; but whether it be or not, Vauxhall has ceased to be what it was, its amusements and the hours at which they are given are varied. The custom of supping at Vauxhall is abandoned, and the class of its visitors altered. Thirty years since it was the resort of the greatest and gayest. The Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Gordon, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Castlereagh, and all the leaders of fashion collected around them within its glittering ring crowds, not only of those who belonged to their own immediate set, but of those, who, emulating the gaiety of their dresses, and their grace of manner, thronged the gardens to excess.

For this change of things the reason seems to be the system of producing, even upon a better and more costly scale, entertainments of a somewhat similar nature in private houses. The *fetes* which are now given by the nobility "at home," eclipse and supersede altogether the attempts at gaiety and splendor made in public places, which are regulated by an expectation of profit. The private *fete* is an affair of one night—the public garden the continuous business of a season. The moment, therefore, that it becomes the fashion for the aristocracy by turns to give *fetes*, their meeting at any common place of assembly is rendered needless. The people of fashion, therefore, do not go to Vauxhall. With all the vaunted independence of our countrymen and countrywomen, the love of rank, and the desire to be in any way associated with it, is an universal passion. If the people of fashion choose to stay away, so will the people of no fashion; and down goes the whole affair.

SMOKING.

The abstemiousness of which I speak—but which even yet has not obtained entire influence over some circles—is unquestionably attributable to our intercourse with the continent, which continued peace, steamboats, and railroads, render constant and almost continuous. But if the stock of national enjoyment has received an important addition by the association, it must be confessed that the introduction of smoking, as a "public amusement" (a custom also of continental origin), operates as something more than a set-off, *per contra*. A hundred years—smoking having continued from the first introduction of the "weed"—the custom was the "fashion," pipes were the order of the day, and the House of Commons itself would not have been considered a fit receptacle for the "collective wisdom" of the nation without a smoking-room. But all this had worn out; the custom had fallen into desuetude, and the habit was confined exclusively to the lower classes. Continental intercourse has renewed the nuisance in another form, and it has become universal—not confined, as in the days of legitimate pipe-smoking, to taverns, or ale-houses, but generalized in public places, and public conveyances, and even in the public streets and roads.

COFFEE-HOUSES.

Another remarkable alteration in the "amusements" of the metropolis is the almost entire annihilation of taverns and coffee-houses. As an adjunct to an hotel, a coffee-room for the accommodation of its inmates may yet be generally found; but a tavern coffee-room, for the reception of promiscuous "diners," is indeed a rarity, except in the city, where the appetites of men of business must be satisfied, and where the club system does not prevail to any great extent; but even there the refreshment taken is, in these refined times, administered in the way of luncheon, the recipients retiring to dinner at their "villas," "lodges," "cottages," and "pavillions," at Ilford, or Snaresbrook, or Stratford-le-Bow, or some other of the romantic villages so popular with the mercantile orientals of the metropolis.

THE CLUBS.

The spread and increase of clubs are remarkable signs of the times; their uses and advantages are such as to make one wonder not only why such things were not established years ago, but how men about town existed without them. White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's were *the* clubs of London for very many years. White's being the oldest, and famous as a "chocolate-house" in the time of Hogarth.

The origin of Brooke's was the blackballing of Messrs. Boothby and James at White's—they established it as a rival, and it was at first held at Almack's. Sir Willoughby Aston subsequently originated Boodle's; but these clubs were clubs of amusement, politics, and play, not the matter-of-fact meeting-places of general society, nor offering the extensive and economical advantages of breakfast, dinner, and supper, now afforded by the present race of establishments. And, connected with this subject in some degree, what a wonderful change in the state of affairs has taken place since it was the custom for the king to play hazard publicly at St. James's palace on Twelfth Night!

GAMING.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1753 (p. 49), is the following account of the result of this annual performance in that year:—

"Saturday, Jan. 6.—In the evening his Majesty played at hazard for the benefit of the groom-porter; all the royal family who played were winners—particularly the Duke, £3000. The most considerable losers were the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Huntingdon, the Earls of Holdernesse, Ashburnham, and Hertford. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and a select company, danced in the little drawing-room till eleven o'clock, when the Royal family withdrew."

The custom of hazard-playing was discontinued after the accession of George III.; but it is odd enough upon looking back only eighty years, to find the sovereign, after attending divine service with the most solemn ceremony in the morning, doing that in the evening which in these days, subjects men to all sorts of pains and penalties; and for the prohibition and detection of which a bill, now before Parliament, is to arm the police with the power of breaking into the houses of her Majesty's lieges at all hours of the day and night.*

Another change in amusements is observable from the disappearance of cards in general society. Young people seldom or ever play at cards; and as, in the present state of the world, old ones are rarely to be seen, the diversion has become scarce. Cards *are* played, but then they are played by particular persons for particular purposes; but taking the whole round of society, they cease to form, as they did when accomplishments were more rare, an essential portion of all evening entertainments.

RACING.

Racing seems to maintain its ground, and so it ought, as being essential to the preservation of our national breed of horses; although what with the increase of railroads, and the heavy purchases made by foreigners, the "stock" is likely to be diminished to a degree which cannot fail to alarm those who know how considerable were the advantages derived by our cavalry during the last war, from the superior manner in which they were mounted.

PUGILISM.

Prize fighting, or pugilism, as it is "genteelly" called, has fallen into decay, owing, in a great degree, to the want of confidence in its patrons as regarded their *proteges*. Brutal as this "amusement" seemed, it was always justified by its advocates, on the ground that it kept up the British spirit, which, in case of quarrel, brought the contending parties to a manly conflict, in contradistinction to the insidious and assassin-like conduct of nations in which the "fistic art" was neither encouraged nor even known. How far those who maintained this doctrine were correct, in their support of it, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that since the disappearance of the "ring," scarcely a week elapses which does not bring before our magistrates one or two cases of stabbing; a crime hitherto most rare in England.

COCK-FIGHTING.

Cock-fighting, associated ever in the minds of the humane with the memory of the amiable Mr. Ardesoif, is punishable by law; and not only punishable, but has recently been punished by the magistrates of our native country. Ball and bear baiting have also disappeared; but archery and hawking have of late years shown themselves in a state of revivification, equal in wisdom and utility to the active endeavors in progress to restore the ancient Welsh language in the Principality.

ROWING.

Rowing, or as it is classically called, "boating," occupies a very distinguished position amongst the "amusements" of the day. At the beginning of the last century, and up to the middle of it, this "aquatic exercise" was by no means in repute. The stiff skirts and gold-laced waistcoats of the dandies of those days were as ill suited to its enjoyment as their manners and habits were to the associations which it naturally induces. It is one of those recreations, however, which, by uniting exercise with recreation, produces both health and pleasure,—not, however, as we too frequently see, altogether unattended by danger.

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* The room in St. James's appropriated to the play was remarkably dark, and conventionally called by the inmates of the palace, Hell. Whence, and not, as generally supposed, from their own demerits, all the gaming-houses in London are designat [illegible] the same fearful name. Those who play, or have played English hazard, will recollect that for a similar inconsequent reason, the man who raked up the dice, and called the odds, was called "the groom-porter."

London New Monthly Magazine for July.

The delightful game of chess, before which all others hide their diminished heads, is the well-know legacy of Persian intellect, and retains in its nomenclature traces of its oriental origin. Thus *check!* the warning of attack on the hostile monarch, is simply *Scheik!* or "King!" though French gallantry has extended the intimation, at the expense of the etymology, by saying also "*échec à la Reine!*" Again, the fearful consummation of *checkmate!* is but the Anglified variety of *Scheik mat!* "the king is dead!"

Judicial Joke.—It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the Assizes, there was present a certain Dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very Rev. guest, "I always think, my Lord, that a certain quantity of wine does no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, Sir! by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

The "Serpent"—The Kennebeck Gazette says that his majesty the Serpent was again seen in the Kennebeck harbor, two miles out, on Monday evening and Thursday afternoon of the present week. So testify "credible witnesses." Many, hitherto incredulous touching this "monster of the deep," says the Gazette, are becoming strong believers therein. The fishermen complain that as soon as he appears the fish forsake their usual haunts. The monster is expected to be in the vicinity of the Cottage in all August.

THE WOLF AND HIS HABITS.

BY J. H.

The celebrated Buffon cannot be too much admired for the lucid descriptions, ingenious hypotheses, and the magical as well as scrupulously correct style in which he explained the instinctive habits or faculties of the brute creation, and classifying them according to their different degrees of intelligence. If the French Pliny has in some degree overrated the sagacity and cunning of some of the animals whose habits and characters he has unfolded for our use—if, for example, he has discovered a rather surprising degree of stratagistic combinations in the means used by the fox in seizing his prey, it must be acknowledged on the other hand, that he has drawn the character of the wolf in colours of a sufficiently forbidding nature, and that he attributes to him an instinct too limited and debased, when he thus describes this wild ranger of the forests.

"The wolf," says he, "is at once savage and cowardly; he only becomes ingenious through necessity, and bold through hunger; but presently his natural habits resume their sway to such an extent even, that he inflicts injuries for the mere savage pleasure of inflicting them, and not because he needs food for subsistence.

"He preys upon domestic animals in preference to others, because he sees them incapable of resisting him: he next compares his own power with that of any wild beast before he attacks him, and finally does not hesitate in falling upon man."

Now, does it not appear from this description of the habits and character of the wolf, from the gradation in his penchants, that this animal is not irresistibly led to prey upon man; and are we not necessarily led to suppose that the wolf of our countries at the commencement of its existence is not only timid, but absolutely a coward, always becomes as he grows older, courageous and sanguinary, and like the tiger of the Arabian deserts, takes a savage pleasure in destroying everything living he comes in contact with, although not at all pressed by famine! Nothing however, seems more clearly proved to us, than if occasionally the wolf commits ravages amongst the flocks of domestic animals, or attacks man himself, there is reason to believe that either madness or pressing hunger compels him to act contrary to his usual habits and general character. In other cases, and the former one but too frequently occurs, the wolf, ever avoiding the broad daylight, contents himself with strolling about his habitual haunts in the night time, and seeks to seize upon some animal which has either lost its companions or is lingering in their track, and oftener indeed, seeks his habitual nourishment by devouring the carcasses of dead animals than upon living ones.

Sometimes the wolf will conceal himself in a thicket, or in the outskirts of a wood in broad day, and watch a flock of sheep, or of geese, a foal while it is playing away from its mother, or a poor ass that may be grazing freely at large, totally unconscious of the lurking danger so near him; and should he perceive any animal straying some distance from the shepherd or herdsman, he creeps stealthily along so that he may come upon it unawares, within the reach of two or three rapid bounds; then he seizes upon the peaceable animal while it is quietly cropping its food. Should it be a flock of sheep, he snatches at the throat of the nearest that comes in his way, and throwing it over his back runs off with it as fast as he can. Should his proposed victims be a flock of geese, he endeavors to catch as many of them as he thinks he can carry away with him, and if not interrupted in his onslaught, either by the shouts of the careless guardians or the attacks of the dogs set upon him, he will finish by gathering as many victims as he can possibly carry along with him into the nearest wood. If it should be a playful foal too far from its heedless mother, he will suddenly seize upon it, after having, perhaps, been watching it for hours before, he kills it immediately, and drags it away into the depths of the forests to feast upon, or should it be a very young and tender prey, he gives it to his cubs.

The wolf makes war upon domestic animals of every kind, it is true, but then it is not a war of extermination; he makes his inroads upon them only to supply himself with necessary food, or to feed his young ones; nay, further, he rarely dares to commit depredations even for these purposes openly.

Viewed in society with other animals of his own species, he chases the game in the forests as do human sportsmen—in concert and with intelligence. Some ones will station themselves in places where they suppose the game must pass, and endeavor to surprise them in their passage, while others performing the office of dogs used for beating covers, pursuing the hare, the buck, and the doe, and even the wild boar when he is young, and separated from his companions, for when in company with his fellows, or at a more advanced age, the boar becomes more than a match for a wolf, or even for several wolves united together.

It is not an unusual thing as one wanders about the forests, to meet with evidence of combats between wolves and wild boars, traces remaining that victory has rested with the latter. One day on tracing on the snow a band of five or six wolves that had been prowling about some houses, we pursued their track into a wood where there was a spot of cleared ground; at this place we found the snow stained with blood, and strewed with hair and pieces of skin torn off; in short, every thing indicated that a terrible conflict had taken place here between a wild boar and the wolves we were in pursuit of, hoping to come upon them in some such a situation. The latter seemed to have been cruelly handled, and to have been obliged to fight in their retreat, making their escape wounded, for we followed their bloody traces on the snow for some distance, while the boar had slowly gone off in another direction from the field of battle, leaving nothing behind him but a few bristles, bearing away with him but a few slight bites; this we positively ascertained presently afterwards, for after we had pursued the wolves for some time and convinced ourselves that they had, in order to make their escape, traversed a wide plain to gain another forest at a considerable distance; we then came upon a boar, which we succeeded in killing, and found upon his body nothing but some slight teeth marks inflicted by wolves, while we had picked up on the place where the combat took place pieces of skin, and even of flesh torn off by the boar, while courageously standing against such odds; he appeared to be three or four years old. Nevertheless the wolf is a very powerful animal, for he can easily carry a sheep, and run away with it at such a rate as to outstrip the shepherds; their dogs, however, sometimes succeed in making him quit his prey, particularly if they attack him boldly, for he is naturally a poltroon, and will fight only when fighting becomes absolutely necessary, but at such times he bites deeply and dangerously.

The great strength of the wolf is also proved when he is chased by dogs; he then seems indefatigable, and is certainly the most difficult animal we know of to run down and kill. So he is generally hunted with dogs when proper ones can be found, and men armed with guns who shoot him whenever there is a chance of doing so, or else he is pursued in the way of a battue. This last is the most usual and the least dangerous, for dogs proper for chasing the wolf are rarely met with, and it is frequently necessary to rear a great number before any are found fit for the wolf chase; however, it is a very amusing species of sport when one is intimately acquainted with the country, well mounted, and the dogs are good.

We have said that the wolf is the most difficult animal to kill, and he becomes more formidable when he attains three or four years of age. At that age his strength and bottom are prodigious, nay, almost unconquerable: on being started he darts fearlessly forward, and keeps ahead of his pursuers for two or three leagues, and even then if he can but find water in his way, he drinks and starts again as strong as at the commencement of the chase, and happily for himself he very frequently succeeds in escaping from his pursuers.

The young wolves of from six months to a year old are easily destroyed, at that age they have not attained mach strength; they do not dare to quit the wood where they have been whelped and reared; they are hunted and killed like rabbits, and in two or three hours time they are easily caught by the dogs should they not be shot by the sportsmen when ahead of their pursuers.

Although full-grown wolves will run very long courses, traversing successively forests, plains, rivers, and meers, yet they never get far ahead of the dogs; they are often chased in full view all their course, so that it is quite easy to head the dogs and shoot the wolf should he be likely to hold out very long.

There is another way of hunting the wolf, which is to set some strong greyhounds and mastiffs upon him—drive him out of his haunts—and as he is not a very swift animal, they presently come up with him, a contest ensues, which gives time for the hunters to come up and put an end to the battle.

Without ever having adopted this method myself, I was once accidently a witness to a chase similar to the one just described, and a combat, from which I was enabled to form a correct estimate of the courage of the dogs, and the vigorous defence which a wolf brought to bay is capable of opposing to them.

I was one day riding across a vast plain, accompanied by three greyhounds and two setters, when suddenly a cry of "Wolf, wolf!" broke upon me. I looked round about me, and presently perceived an enormous wolf pursued by three or four dogs belonging to some farmers who were ploughing close by; the dogs were followed by the men, who had quitted their work, armed with sticks and pitchforks, and by shouts and gestures encouraged their dogs in the chase. I directed the attention of my dogs to the animal by putting my horse into a gallop after him; they soon caught sight of him and instantly joined in the chase; he was soon overtaken, not only by my greyhounds, which presently were at his tail, and compelled him to turn round and defend himself, but by my setters also, which were not less bold in the attack. These assailants were shortly joined by the farmer's mastiffs, which the wolf had left behind him. His situation now became most dangerous for himself, but full of interest for me. I encouraged the dogs in the fight, and they by turns flew at the poor beast, which not knowing what to think of so many foes, and unwilling to be delayed in his flight, bit whichever came in his way, right and left, in a manner too hurried to be very dangerous, all the time making the best of his way towards some woods a full half league from the scene of action. At length after running some time, one of the greyhounds that was stronger than the others, ran up past the wolf, and seized him on the head, and the animal turning to free himself from him, was instantly fastened upon by the other dogs, and fell down. The pell mell kind of struggle which resulted from the animal's fall and the succeeding desperate combat, almost baffle description. The wolf had now seven or eight dogs upon him, but he still defended himself most courageously; more than once he forced several of his assailants back, making them feel the strength of his fangs, but the number and fury of the dogs prevented him from getting up again to renew the flight. I had already alighted from my horse, and with my gun in my hand was waiting for a favorable opportunity of shooting the wolf, but in vain, for the dogs animated by my presence, fastened themselves all over the beast, so that no part of him was left uncovered, and had I fired my piece I must have shot a dog instead of the wolf. In the course of a short time, however, the workmen and ploughmen came up with their sticks and iron pitchforks, and the wolf soon expired beneath their blows, yet not before he had inflicted many bad wounds upon the dogs: the fight lasted full ten minutes. The wolf himself was covered with wounds, and certainly he must have succumbed had no men come up with their weapons to put an end to the combat, or had I not been there with my gun to encourage the dogs. My greyhounds particularly were excited, almost to madness, and exerting all their powers most determinedly, they pursued him with the swiftness of an arrow, and tore out the pieces of flesh where they bit him.

This was an enormously large wolf, and the farming men told me that their dogs had chased him several times, but had never succeeded in coming up with him. But thanks to my hardy greyhounds we ran into him, and had a most amusing chase.

London Sportsman.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT-BOOK.

The Balance of a Rod.—Another thing I must not forget to mention, is the *balance of a fly rod*, when put together and placed horizontally on the finger, for instance, as the fulcrum. In a rod that is to be wielded by two hands, the fulcrum, you must remember, should be rather nearer the centre of it than in one that is single handed. In order that I might give you a clearer notion upon this part of the subject, I have also for this purpose examined my rods already mentioned (trout and salmon), that are, I venture to say, as good in their kinds as can by possibility be made. I put them together, *and affixed the reels*.—The salmon rod being exactly eighteen feet, I found the centre of balance was at three feet five and a half inches from the end of the but. The trout rod, which is fourteen feet three and a half inches, has its balance at two feet seven and a half from the same part. By these, as your standard (which you may take as a very good one), you can easily calculate the proper balance of any fly rod. Thus, for a salmon rod, if eighteen feet, give three feet five inches and a half, what will X (the length of the rod proposed), produce? and for trout, if fourteen feet three inches and a half, what will Z give you? Do not forget the weight and size of the reel which the use you put your rod to will require. If you wish to change it for a heavier one, you may still keep the fulcrum in the same place by having the lower part of the but hollowed out; and if for a lighter one, you can regulate it by having it plugged with lead.

Holmes's Rods.—There is one kind of rod of rather recent introduction, with the winch fitted *into* the but, which I ought particularly to mention, and of which I believe Holmes, a London tackle maker, is the inventor. Mind you, I have not tried them myself, though I have seen and heard of them in the hands of others; yet the objection which the bare sight of them presents, and which prevail in practice, are, first, that the rod is not kept in its proper position while fishing, namely, rings downwards, as it naturally is by the weight of the ordinary winch, put on in the usual fashion; and again, if the lower end of the but is ever used as a fulcrum against the body in killing a fish, as in salmon fishing it must always be, or if it be applied to a double handed rod,—in using which one hand is kept below, the other above,—the sockets above and below the winch will inevitably become loose and infirm after a little wear. Besides, in packing, if the winch is left on, it is in the way, and inconvenient. Having pointed out these objections, you will at once understand I have no great opinion of them, being unable to detect any counterposing advantage.

The Salmon Rod should consist of four parts or pieces:—First, the "but" of solid ash; the second and third, which are called "joints," of hickory; and the fourth, the top, made as I have already intimated. Each part should be at least four feet six inches; forming, in its whole length, eighteen feet or upwards. Some persons use rods two or three feet longer, which enables them to command a greater breadth of water; though for general fishing I consider eighteen feet quite sufficient, especially as the greater length increases the daily labor most severely. As they are the parts of a rod which mostly break, you cannot err if you have, in addition, three or more spare tops, and one extra joint next the top. For a salmon rod by all means have the top, and the joint next it, made so as to splice or "scare" together in the fashion I mentioned.

The rings of a salmon rod should be large and very well soldered, and firmly secured to it, rather decreasing in size upwards. That at the point should be of double stout wire, rather larger in circumference than the rest. I do not recommend the use of a spear at the but of a salmon rod; because, being weighty and double handed, the but often resting against the body, the spear may not only be in the way, but also dangerous; while at the same time it is useless, as the upper part is too heavy to be supported by a short spear stuck in the ground,—especially in windy weather.

As to Trout Rods,—These must be selected by the rules I have already laid before you. The length, and consequently the weight, may vary from eleven or twelve to fourteen or sixteen feet; some requiring the use of one,,and others of two hands. Those of eleven to thirteen feet long should never exceed three joints, although four joints may be more convenient to carry; otherwise the top joint becomes necessarily so very fine and thin at the ferrule or splice, that it is likely to break if you attempt to throw a long line. Rods of fourteen to sixteen feet may, however, be in four joints; and if this particular be attended to, I do not think it absolutely necessary, although safer, to have the top and thinnest joint spliced or "scared" together. Trout rods should always be adapted for spears at the but end; and the rings may be much smaller than those on the salmon rod. Let me advise you to purchase one very light, of about twelve feet long, which will do for small trout, dace, and pars in "tiny rivulets," and another of the larger size, for lake and larger stream fishing, which may also serve, if not too pliable, for early salmon.

Hooks.—The last thing, and by no means the least important, I need mention to you at present is hooks; for as I devise teaching you to make flies, don't waste your coin by buying any. If you can, pray procure all sorts, trout and salmon, large and small, of each, of O'Shaughnessy's, or Sell's Limerick manufacture. But whose ever make you procure, first test their strength by sticking the points in a soft piece of mahogany and tugging away by the shank; or holding the shank with pincers, pulling the bend by a loop of string. But as in either of these methods you may pull harder than is requisite, and so condemn unfairly, I send you "Siebe's weighing machine." Test your hooks by this. If the smallest for grilse will draw down fifteen pounds, and the midge trout one and a half pound, they will do. They should be tough: if they break too easily, or at these respective weights, they are too brittle; if they bend and lose their shape, they are too soft; so choose the happy medium, if you can hit upon it. About a quarter of a hundred of each size will be about the *quantum suff*.

I have met with nothing for temper equal to Shaughnessy's or Sell's. It is the fashion to praise the former, and I think the latter perhaps still better and more uniform in their several sizes and shapes.

In the common Limerick, and in most others, the point, in my opinion, lies too close to the shank. Although that is no objection for other fishing, yet for salmon, whose mouths (especially towards the end of the autumn) are very large and rather open at the sides, and at all times too denuded of tough flesh for the angler's security, there is a better chance of fixing the hook, the greater in moderation the width is between the shank and the point. This width must not be produced by merely bending out the point, for thereby too much stress is thrown upon that part, or the bend itself, but by giving a greater curvature in the shank, especially towards the turn; O'Shaughnessy and Sell have avoided the fault, and the part of their shape between the turn and the point is nearly parallel with the upper end of the shank, to which the wing feathers are tied. There being nothing angular in any part of the bend, which is otherwise in the common Limerick. the strain comes on the shank a little lower down towards the turn than immediately opposite the point itself, which part is made thicker and more substantial than the rest of the hook, in order to meet it; while that portion on which you dress the fly (because there is less strain, and, if broken, it is all held together by the gut which is whipped below) is thinner than in other hooks, and these are consequently no heavier altogether. In them there are also these advantages:—the point is much more beautifully sharpened than in any hook I have yet met with; in fact it is perfect, the barb being filed out of the solid and not cut and raised as in others; and they are so tough as never to straighten with a fifty pounder, even! In these two respects, O'Shaughnessy's and Sell's hooks have at all events something more than a fancied superiority.

The original O'Shaughnessy is long since gathered to his ancestors; the present is Robert O'Shaughnessy, of 18, George-street, Limerick; and Sells lives in Quay-lane, Limerick. There are many who think Philip's hooks, of O'Shaughnessy's shape, equally good, but in this I cannot acquiesce.

We cannot do less than participate in the regret of Sir H. Davy (who, in Salmonia, p. 175, describes to us the proper mode of making them), that more attention is not generally bestowed upon the manufacture of hooks: much of the fisherman's hopes depend on them; and how mortifying to lose a good fish from a hook snapping? Who, at the moment of such a misfortune, would not have given twenty shillings for a hook rather than it should have so happened.

Formerly the old O'Shaughnessy's salmon hooks were sold at sixpence each. But now the nineteen sizes, trout, grilse, and salmon, of Sell's, vary, according to their magnitude, from three shillings to nine pence per dozen; and the same of the present O'Shaughnessy, from four shillings to one shilling; and I would never object to double the money for good hooks. Never would I use those made out of wire! By the way, I by no means approve of Kirby's hooks for flies—even his Carlisle bend; they are perhaps the best for bait-fishing, and indeed are more sure to hook a fish than any other kind, because that portion of them between the bend and the point does not lie in the same plane with the shank, and they therefore will not draw between two soft surfaces without the point penetrating one of them. Yet that very circumstance in their form prevents flies dressed on them swimming so straight as they would on a hook that lies flat; nor is the shank end tapered, so as to allow of the fly being neatly finished at the head. Taylor says they are more likely to break the hold than flat hooks; nor is their temper (for they are of mere blue steel wire) equal to many others,—still less to O'Shaughnessy's or Sell's.

Perhaps the best hooks for very small trout flies are Adlington and Hutchinson's, Kendal Sneck Bend, Nos. 2.1.0 and 00, which latter for their size, the very smallest, are the strongest of the kind (wire) I ever met with. But, not being tapered at the shank end, I should only use them for hackled flies and for Palmers, the natures of which I shall explain hereafter.

And now I bid you farewell for the present; not doubting you will wish I may be able to teach you, by and bye, to cast a line as long as the yarn I have spun upon this subject of tackle. Relying on a happy meeting, in health, strength, and spirits, at Head Quarters in Wales, on the 23d inst.,

Believe me, sincerely yours, my dear Pupil,

To Herb. Montgomery, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

Theoph. South.

New Sporting Magazine.

ASPIRING TO THE WOOLSACK.

Let the hypothetical reader suppose what is, indeed, the only supposable case, that Mr. Timothy Two-to-one, the opulent pawnbroker of Holborn bars, having made one son a surgeon, another an attorney, a third a clergyman, is lost in doubt as to the occupation to be provided for the fourth and youngest hope of the family of Two-to-one. Many people wonder, indeed, that one of the sons is not to be brought up to the pawnbroking line, with such a splendid business to step into when old Two-to-one is changed into a cherubim—I say people wonder; but let me take the liberty of asking people what is it to them? You may be surprised yourself, that none of the young Two-to-ones is to succeed old Two-to-one; let me take the liberty of asking what's that to you? The fact is, inquisitive reader, old Two-to-one has made so much money that he is obliged to bring his money to the Bank in a coal-scuttle, and Mrs. Two-to-one having been, at a less propitious period of her life, under-housekeeper in a gentleman's family, the pair have come to the resolution of performing a miracle, by metamorphosing pawnbrokers' whelps into real genuine thoroughbred gentlemen, cost what it will—or as old Two-to-one, in all the pride of a bloated pocket, observes, slapping his corpulent thigh, "the genteel thing for Two-to-one, and never mind the expense!" Accordingly, one day at dinner in the back shop of old Two-to one in Holborn bars, Frederick-William, the as yet unappropriated offspring of "my uncle," having solicited for the fourth time some more "toad in the hole,"* the amazed mother of the voracious son of "my uncle" thus addresses the ravenous Frederick-William.

"Crikey, Fred! I'm afeared of yer burstin' yerself. Don't give him no more—d'ye hear, Timmy, dear?"

"I say, mother, don't be a-comin it so werry strong. I arn't had more nor a pound and a half or so of wittels, father lays the pudding on so werry thick," was the dissatisfied reply of Frederick-William, holding out his plate for more.

"Blowed if I doesn't think yer'd make a good lawryer, Fred, yer tucks in sich a reggler blow-out!" was the sage remark of the father of the Two-to-ones.

"Blest if he wouldn't eat his wig!" remarked the eldest hope of the Two-to-ones, who, by virtue of his seniority, thought he had a right to be extra facetious.

"Or a child out of the small pox," observed the surgeon.

"Or a man on horseback," said the attorney.

"Or a mystified monkey, stuffed with straw," resumed the elder Two-to-one.

"Or a physic of fish-hooks," remarked the surgeon.

"Or the sunny side of a donkey," echoed the attorney, determined not to be outdone by his brethren.

"Or a hackney coachman stuffed with twelvepenny nails," reiterated the elder Two-to-one, amid the laughter of the whole family.

"Or a barbacued wildcat with"—here the current of the surgeon's wit was diverted into the ocean of business, by the irruption of an apparition of the pawnbroker's boy, in slippers and shirt, with a smoothing-iron in his hand, which, duly presenting to Mr. Two-to-one—

"Here's a gal in the shop what wants to spout that 'ere flat-iron," observed the juvenile apparition.

"How much on it?" enquired "my uncle," scrutinizing the flat-iron with profound attention, and shaking it well, to see if the handle was loose.

"A tanner," said the ghostling in reply.

"Half a tizzy," said Mrs. Two-to-one, indicating in her peculiar phraseology that the gal might receive one-fourth of her demand, or threepence instead of a shilling, on the security of her flat-iron.

"Bundle, Freddy, and make out the gal's ticket," observed the father of that young gentleman, who, after several unsuccessful efforts, got off his chair at last, snorting like a walrus, and bundled into the front shop in obedience to the paternal injunction.

"I knows this 'ere flat-iron this four year," observed my "uncle," taking up his old acquaintance; "the old gal as owns it gets a livin' by washin' o' sodgers' shirts, and spouts this 'ere harticle venhever them seven brats what she's got begins at her for bread. She's always werry bad off ven she spouts her flat-iron."

"That's vy I cuts her down to threepence, deary," interrupted Mrs. Two-to-one, with a wink at her better half. "I knows as how she can't get her livin' without that 'ere, so the littler she gets she comes the oftener."

"Right, ducky," remarked "my uncle" approvingly; "the interest's the same, you knows, for a month or a day—so we screws it out of the old dust all the oftener."

"Ve arn't turned less nor five bob on that there harticle, I'm sure, this blessed 'ear since Genewerry," observed Mrs. Two-to-one.

"No, I'm sartin sure we arn't," assented Mrs. Two-to-one's better half.

"Let—me—see," calculated Mrs. Two-to-one, putting her fingers in an arithmetical position—"tvice a-veek up our spout and tvice a-veek down our spout—two browns a-veek reggler—very well—how many veeks in yer 'ear?—Eh! Timmy?"

"Fifty—let me scratch—I knows its fifty summut, but vether its fifty-threer or fifty-seven, blow me tight if I knows—Yer had as good ax Freddy"—insinuated Mr. Timothy Two-to-one.

"Never mind," carelessly replied the lady—"fifty-threer or fifty-seven, it's no great differ; but I says agin, we arn't turned less nor four bob and a joey on that there hiron since Genewerry"—concluded the lady of "my uncle," taking down her digits and abandoning her calculation *à la* Pestalozzi.

While Frederick-William was making ont the gal's ticket for the flat-iron in the front shop, the thought flashed like lightning through the mind of "my uncle," that Frederick-William would make a splendid Lord High Chancellor of England; and, as it was considered in these our days, though by no means indispensably necessary in the olden time, that that functionary should previously be called to the bar, it was inwardly resolved by the father of the Two-to-ones that Frederick-William should, with all imaginable speed, be qualified, by a call to the bar, for the honorable and influential station of the woolsack. In his cogitations upon this subject, it never entered the old usurer's head to enquire, whether his son was fit for the profession of the law—whether he would like the profession of the law—or whether he would have the remotest glimmering of success at the profession of the law; all that he thought upon the subject was, that it would be a fine thing for *him* to be able to see Fred the lawyer's speeches reported in the newspapers, and to be able to get so many franks when Freddy would be in the House of Lords doing a snug business as Lord High Chancellor.

I am the less surprised at the selfish turn which the ambitious cogitations of the veteran pawnbroker took upon this occasion, inasmuch as nine out of every ten elderly gentlemen whose sons suck their thumbs like young bears in the purlieus of the Temple and Westminster Hall, with grey mares' tails (not paid for) stuck upon the outsides of their heads, have been brought to this deplorable condition by a train of reflection precisely similar in selfishness and folly to the train of reflection that dictated the final determination of "my uncle." This final determination, which was nothing *less* than the elevation of son Freddy to the woolsack, was communicated to Mrs. Two-to-one that very identical night in bed, where the old couple laid their noses together and settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction, Mrs. Two-to-one confirming by her approval the resolution of her spouse, for several reasons replete with maternal wisdom and affection, but especially because it would *vex* old Balls, the other rich pawnbroker of Holborn Bars, who had purchased a commission in a marching regiment for his son, Mr. Fitzstephen Augustus Balls, and whose *hodious* daughters, as Miss Seraphina Two-to-one called them, were perpetually handing round Holborn bars bundles of perfumed letters received by them from their brother Haugustus the hofficer! "It would cut their livers out," Mrs. Two-to-one classically remarked, "to think that my son Freddy is for to come for to go to be a barrystir at the lawr, and for to sit on the Lord Chancellor's woolpack without never payin' a sixpence, as his mother had for to pay—bless him! Vell, Timmy dear, who'd a ever a thort it that our Fred would a cum to sichin a 'igh sitivation; and as for them hodious Ballses over the way, what takes in stolen goods or any think, for my part, I must have my say out—I can't a bear 'em!" How much more Mrs. Two-to one might have said upon the subject of her son Freddy, the odious Ballses, or the honorable profession of the law, it is utterly impossible for me to say; her oration being suspended for that evening by the involuntary performance of a solo on his natural trombone by her lord and master, which indicated that gentleman's utter unconsciousness of all that his better-half had been talking about for the last three quarters of an hour.

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* *Toad in the hole.* Beef-steaks laid in a pie-dish on a substratum of batter-pudding and sent to the baker's—a Cockney eatable of great and deserve dcelebrity.

The peripatetic reader will have the politeness to walk with Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one and myself down Holborn into Chancery Lane, and thence turning to the right under a Gothic gateway to the Steward's office in Lincoln's Inn, where Mr. Two-to-one has finally decided to enter his name, on purpose to commencing the gastronomic course of study, for which, as we have seen, by his performances upon "the toad in the hole," that young gentleman was so admirably qualified. The Temple was at first selected as the Inn which was to have the honor of employing its cooks in the service of young Two-to-one; but it being happily ascertained from one of the waiters at Lincoln's Inn, who was a friend of the family, that the dinners were more plentiful, and the wine twice as strong there as at the Temple, the destination of the youthful aspirant was immediately changed, with the full approbation and consent of the pawnbroker and his wife, who wisely observed that their son "could tuck in a pretty good lot, and they saw no reason in life why they should not have full value for their money."

As the usual preliminary to being admitted a regular customer of the great eating-house of Lincoln's Inn, all aspirants for that high honor are required to produce to the Steward of the Inn a medical certificate of their digestive powers, the form whereof, for the use and benefit of all future applicants, I hereafter insert:—

"We, the undersigned, having duly and solelmnly examined Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one on two several occasions, the examination of the first day being confined to roast pork and pickled salmon, that of the second to baked mackerel and fried liver with bacon, do certify, under our several hands and wafers, that Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one is in full possession of his digestive powers, and a proper person to be admitted of this Inn, for the purpose of guttling his way to the bar.

(Signed)
"A. B., M.D., L.S.
"C. D. M.R.C.S., L.S.
"E. F., M.A.C., L.S."

If the candidate for admission happens to be in possession of a testimonial from Cartwright the dentist as to the condition of his teeth, more especially the incisors and molars, he will not be a whit the worse for it.

The next little matter to be attended to in the Steward's office is to give security for the victuals and drink that you are expected to devour, or what Dr O'Toole very emphatically calls the "ating and the drinking;" and this was done in the case of young Two-to-one, as in every other case, by the deposit of a hundred pounds—I should rather say by the sacrifice of one hundred pounds, because, although at the time of payment it is called a deposit, it becomes, in the course of the "ating and drinking," a lien in the hands of the Benchers, and it is generally taken out by the young lawyer in grub. The Benchers very naturally look for this security, knowing that if they were to find roast legs of impregnable mutton and bottles of red-hot port on their own responsibility, the whole town would hasten to the Inn to do them honor, and all London become but one gigantic lawyer. Accordingly, for fear of accidents, and lest the young student should drop off in an apoplexy, or choke himself with the back-bone of a baked mackerel, as often happens, care is taken that the parents, friends, or guardians of the youth shall be made responsible for the damage—so that at the present time Lincoln's Inn is the only eating-house in London where the customers pay in advance.

Formerly there was no further check upon the students than their own honor, and the consequence was the Inn became impoverished, and the Benchers began to talk of surrendering *en masse* for the purpose of taking the benefit of the insolvent act, the immortal oyster-eater (Dando) and several other gentlemen of his description, having become members of the Inn, and carrying all before them. The present system, however, saved the Inn from total ruin, and by enhancing the price of admission, swells the number of candidates panting to be admitted; for you will not fail to observe, that in this country, if you make admission any where difficult, and give out that the entertainment is considered vastly genteel, you will have all the men canvassing, and all the women pulling caps for tickets, though the spectacle be a *pas de deux* of dancing-dogs, the erudition of the learned pig, or the vagaries of the comical donkey! This is the reason why all the unappropriated young gentlemen and sons of pawnbrokers flock to Lincoln's Inn, and this it was that brought thither Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one.

Blackwood's Magazine.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETIMG.

The near approach of the July, or summer solitary meeting at Newmarket, has at length drawn public attention to the first two-year-old stakes of moment in our eastern division. By many old turfites it is considered too early in the season—that horses trained so early do badly afterwards. An entry of twenty-three, however, proves that a sufficient number are of a contrary opinion to make the stakes worth pocketing—an entry less, however, than that of the preceding year. Eight hundred pounds are not to be despised; but from deaths and double nominations it is thought that not more than eight or nine will be prepared to contest the valuable prize. Lord Exeter will probably run two; Lord J. Bentinck one; Mr. Thornhill's St. Preux, the Duke of Grafton's Currency, Lord Albemarle's Spangle, Mr. Wilson's c. by Mulatto, Mr. Knight's c. out of Margaret, and Lord Orford's Petulance, are the others given out to run by the Newmarket wiseacres. Of the merits of these respective animals it would be unwise and presumptuous to speak until they have appeared in public. Private trials are oftentimes injurious to those even who witness them—what might they be, then, to those who only hear of them? Depend upon it, the less you *hear* about trials the better. Clarion and Melbourne, in the late Derby, are sad evidences of the mistakes of those who are, in error, considered infallible. Without advising the report to be followed, I may add, if the trial of Crucifix be rightly told, she is good. Of those as Newmarket, unquestionably Hellespont is the nicest looking colt. From the infirm state of the betting as regards the lot of which he forms one, it appears that there is something rotten, &c. Lord Albemarle's Spangle, although not at present backed, is fancied, as in the ring is the colt out of Margaret; but one in the above lot has ever run, which is Stamboul. This horse won at Ascot very easy on the Tuesday, but was beat a long way two days after. He has been backed, and is likely to be more so. Where two or three are with one trainer, it is always safer to back the lot than any one. You cannot tell the best by looking at them—not always by trying them. The winner of the July stakes is generally a favorite for the Derby. It does not occur to me at this moment that the winner of this race, or any anima forward in it, has ever distinguished himself afterwards so much as Ion. Second for the July, second for the Chesterfield, with 4 lbs. extra weight; first for the Clearwell, second for the Criterion, second for the Derby, second for the Great St. Leger, and third for the Ascot Cup. God forbid that any horse of mine should distinguish himself likewise. It reads enough to break the Bank of England. Mecca, the winner in 1837, in the following year won the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, second for the 1000 gs., and third in the Oaks. This running is at all events respectable enough to show that early training is not so very injurious. Bulwark, that carried it off last year, ran a moderate horse in the autumn. As he has been entered in the Port and other stakes, we may conclude he is likely to be improved; he is by Defence—now, I conclude the most fashionable sire of the day. The own brother to Bulwark is in the Derby next year, and will doubtless, with some hundred others, appear in the quotations from Tattersall's.

The Chesterfield Stakes is likely to be a more interesting race than the July. The field will be larger, in spite of the quietus some will receive in the latter, and there are three public runners—Iris, Stamboul, and Darkness. The latter must be a favorite, from the fact of her beating Hill Coolie (wrongly nominated in the July and Chesterfield), since the winner of three races. The sister of Cara is also sure to be backed because of her relationship—brothers and sisters are always backed at Newmarket. Two plates of fifty each, two handicaps, and one match, will most likely complete the *three* days' sport on the best course in the world, and on which are trained between four and five hundred horses of all ages and descriptions. At a place like Bibury they manage seven races a day; at Eglinton Park eight or nine; at Ascot six or seven; at Newmarket, forsooth, occasionally one, frequently only two, and four is considered a real good day's sport. Public money is not wanting (a rule ought to be immediately made to prevent its being walked over for, as at all other courses); then why are people so shy of running their horses? Because at Newmarket the trainers are so hand and glove that every horse is known to a length, consequently if one horse is entered, the others are drawn. It would tend to make sport at Newmarket, and, indeed, everywhere else, if all plates and public money were to be handicaps. At Goodwood, for instance, the stewards each, according to annual custom, give a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, or a thousand, as it may be (Lord George Bentinck gave the Waterloo Shield, value 1000 guineas); but always with the conditions that it is added to a handicap of so much each, so many to accept or no race. What was the consequence last year? Fifteen started for Lord Suffield's money, and seven for Lord Exeter's, both races being run on the same day, thus at once furnishing a day's sport, which day otherwise would be probably a blank. Sir, I think I have said enough to show the advantage of handicapping for public money. A great many horses are kept back for the large races, but sure I am there are plenty at Newmarket too bad to be kept for anything, and why in training is a mystery to all but the owners.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes, I perceive, are to be run for on the Monday in the Houghton meeting, the same day as the Criterion. It is not beneficial to Newmarket or its inhabitants to have all the good things in one day. The Wednesday in the same meeting, always so devoid of interest, would have shown a greater discrimination in those who fixed it.

The betting on the Goodwood Stakes has at length assumed a tangible form, there being three very decided favorites. The Lord Mayor has been backed so heavily that the public begin to suspect it is a good thing. When will they be satisfied with Scott's stable? Miss Eliza, a very bad mare, is also much fancied by a noble Lord. The field is much reduced, some dozen or more being safe not to see Goodwood. The field *versus* seven will be about the betting on Thursday. Those who took eleven, therefore, a week since, have much the best of their speculation. In conclusion, I must state that there is no truth in the report that the Duke of Rickmond will prevent Harkaway from running at Goodwood; at the same time it is not my opinion that he will come, as I pretty clearly stated three weeks since. Those gentlemen who have backed him are themselves to blame: those who have not are in some measure indebted to one who pulls in the same boat.

JUDEX.

June 30, 1839.

London Morning Post.

STEEPLE-CHASING.—LOTTERY.

That this amusement, which has of late years become so popular, and assumed a systematic form, should have originated from the following circumstance, seems probable enough:—some young men on their way home after a blank day, observing a steeple at some distance, in a frolic crossed the country in order to ascertain which could reach it first; but if it be admitted that the method of trying the mettle of the horse and the courage of his rider under consideration thus originated, it seems very ridiculous to continue its primeval designation, under its present improved form, in which a steeple is no longer the object or goal, but the line of country distinctly marked out by flags.

Lottery is the most extraordinary gelding that ever appeared in a flag race. He was bred by Mr. Jackson of Whitecross, near Beverley, Yorkshire; from whom he was purchased by his present proprietor, Mr. Elmore. He is by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, grandam by Grog; not thorough-bred; sixteen hands high; colour brown, without white. The sire of this remarkable nag was one of the fleetest and most powerful racers that ever appeared on the course, but owing to his vicious disposition no reliance could be placed on his performance; the subject under consideration is as good tempered as possible. Mr. James Mason, who has ridden him in ten flag races, says, that he has never refused a fence, nor put a foot in a grip. He won eight of these races: when he started at St. Alban's he was ill, and was pulled up; he lost the race at Leamington, owing to a mistake in going on the wrong side of one of the flags when near home: as soon as Mason discovered the mistake, he turned his nag short round in the face of his horses, and jumped the rasping bullfinch back again, caught his horses on the post, and came within half a neck of winning: had the goal been situated ten yards further, he would have proved the winner by a clear length. Lottery is the most generous animal in the world. Lottery is eight years old, and equal to thirteen stone with hounds. He is open to run any horse in the kingdom, four miles over a fencing country, for a thousand guineas.

That the quality of Lottery is of the very first order, must be unequivocally admitted; I never saw a nag take his fences more temperately or in prettier style; after clearing a jump, he drops into his step, goes in a very good form, and manifests superior speed. He is a complete snaffle bridle horse, a rare circumstance amongst hunters (and Lottery must be classed as a hunter); there are very few horses indeed which can be ridden well over a country in a snaffle, on account of the difficulty of holding them together, particularly over fallows and heavy ground; the circumstance of Lottery being uniformly ridden in a snaffle indicates the delicacy of his mouth. Mason, as a rider in flag races, I am of opinion, has no superior; his knees (the main hold) are always in the right place.

Although the blood which runs in the veins of Lottery's dam is considered as not completely purified from that of the "*black mare*," yet he presents the genuine characteristics in a manner that would lead the judgment astray, were it not for his well authenticated pedigree; he possesses the legitimate perseverance, can go the pace, and of course can eat the requisite quantity of corn: if therefore we consider Lottery as approaching within a trifle of acknowledged thorough-breed, he may be said to form a striking proof of the erroneousness of that doctrine (now nearly exploded) which denies to such nags the gift of leaping: the remark was common enough amongst sportsmen of the old school, that thorough-bred horses, or those nearly thorough-bred, never cleared their fences well; and therefore they preferred a brute with no pretensions to breeding on account of his superior jumping. I have more than once seen horses of this description jump well, but they were not quick at their fences. It is not difficult to account for the origin of such a mistaken notion; it very frequently happened (and the custom still continues) that thorough-breds, after having been trained and raced perhaps for two or three seasons, quitted the course and were taken into the hunting field; where they necessarily appeared under every disadvantage. They had been used to smooth turf, thrown forward in their gallops, taught to go as near the ground as possible, and had never been shewn a jump; in consequence, when they appeared with hounds, they did not raise their feet sufficiently in rough ground, and blundered into, instead of clearing, their jumps. But let the thorough-bred be taken to the hunting field, instead of being trained on the course, and it will be found that he will raise his feet much more actively than the baser breeds, and jump better also.

Mercury, who obtained celebrity some years ago for his success as a cocktail racer, after he left the course was converted into a hunter; but his conversion was not effected at once; for, as might be reasonably expected, he had to pass through his noviciate. He became the property of Mr. Wicksted, who for some years hunted what may be called the Staffordshire hounds, with so much satisfaction to those who attended his hounds; before the close of his first season, he went well with hounds, except that he would not take water, nor could he ever be induced to jump it. Six years ago, I saw Mercury out repeatedly with Mr. Wicksted's hounds.

Tawpy, a more celebrated cocktail, after having won fourteen races, was forced from the course by extra weight. Towards the close of his racing career, he was sold by Mr. F. Bretherton to Lord Wilton for four hundred guineas; and after he had quitted the course, his Lordship used him as a hunter, after he had passed the requisite probation. Tawpy became a superior hunter: Lord Wilton appeared on him, on one occasion, when the Cheshire hounds met at Duddon Heath. A fox was found in Waverton Gorse, and (as foxes from this cover generally do,) he made away for Beeston, crossing, about half a mile from the Gorse, an awkward brook—more awkward from the softness of its banks than its width of water; twelve of the field attempted to cross it, and amongst those nags which cleared it was Tawpy. On another occasion, I saw Tawpy on the field when the Cheshire hounds went away with a fox from Radnor Gorse. In the early part of the run I observed him clear three gates in succession; he was one of the few up at the death, after a capital run of one hour and fifteen minutes.

The higher a horse is bred the greater will be his strength, speaking comparatively at least; because his bone will be found more solid, his tendon harder and more largely developed, his general texture closer, more firm, and more elastic; further, his organization will be found superior; or, in other words, his conformation will present a greater development of the points or organs whence power and fleetness of progressive motion are necessarily derived. So that when the matter comes to be duly considered, nothing can appear more ridiculous than the supposition of the superior jumping capability of the nag impressively recognised by the term Old English Hunter. Mr. Humble's Jerry (a thorough-bred) cleared a space of thirty feet and a few inches, at one of his fences, in a race of a few miles across the country hunted by Sir T. Stanley, against a horse belonging to Mr. Steers, whom Jerry run out of sight.

When last year Lord Wilton sold his hunters, Chancellor fetched considerably the highest price; it was well known he was much superior to the rest of the stud; yet Chancellor had raced for several seasons, and amongst his successful struggles on the course, that for the Liverpool Stand Cup was not the least remarkable.

The generality of our thorough-breds are not sufficiently bulky to carry welter weight; nor by the present system of breeding are they likely to be improved in this respect. Nineteen out of every twenty of our thorough-bred nags are produced with a view to the turf, and long before they have attained sufficient strength, are subjected to the very severe discipline of the training stable; and in consequence, by far the greater part give way under that tension of the tendon, and general over-straining of the parts, and indeed of the system, against which nature in so many instances is unable to bear up. In whatever way the young animal may be affected, it can hardly be expected that he will thrive as well as if he had continued perfectly sound. Yet these diseased animals are turned into the breeding stud without hesitation, and in consequence the defects of the progenitors are very frequently communicated to the progeny. Our thorough-bred stock, generally speaking, is in a very unsound state, particularly as regards the fore legs. And perhaps it was lucky for the animal whose portrait embellishes this number of the *Sportsman*, that he was triflingly removed from genuine legitimacy on the maternal side, as on this account he was less likely to inherit disease. If we look at the paternal side of the question, it will be found that Lottery was fortunate; his sire would have a will of his own from early life, and testified an inclination on most, if not all, occasions to please himself. In his early training, he one morning refused his gallop, at least with the boy on his back, whom he threw, and took his exercise in his own way, as some time elapsed before he was resecured. When he chose to run, he could beat all the horses of his day, but he was not always in the humor to exert his power of speed; hence his name, originally Tinker, was changed to Lottery; he was a horse of very great speed, and left the course without a blemish. Indeed, after he had served as a stallion for one season, he was placed in the training stable a second time, and re-introduced to the course, upon which however he did not continue for any great length of time, on account of his unruly temper. Such is the sire of Mr. Elmore's extraordinary flag racer. We perceive that Lottery, the younger, has descended from sound stock, that he has inherited the sterling qualities of his sire, without imbibing his vicious disposition; and that his constitution is very good, and his legs excellent is sufficiently testified by his performances.

I have heard it remarked that Lottery is rather leggy; a similar remark might be applied to all the fleeter racers which have appeared in modern days, or that ever did appear; without the requisite length of legs, of the hind legs in particular, superior speed is impossible. Lottery is a horse that well endures, and well repays, the scrutiny of examination; he fills the eye of the beholder; he has the requisite depth of chest, the well placed oblique shoulder, for which his sire was so remarkable, with all that posterior development whence the propelling power must necessarily be derived.

So much interest is felt in flag racing at the present moment, so much is the system patronized by the superior classes of society, that annual appointments are made after the manner of the regular turf meetings; and to show the attractiveness of such occurrences, we have only to turn our attention to the late Liverpool flag race, upon which occasion the grand stand (one of the largest in England, if not the very largest) was crowded to an overflow, and would have been thus crowded had it been capable of containing double the number of persons, as those who could not obtain accommodation in it outnumbered the more fortunate of the holyday folks. The regular race meetings at Liverpool have not proved half so attractive, notwithstanding the number of events comprised in the list, and the superior value of the whole of them. The grand stand is tolerably filled to witness the struggle for the Cup; but on the other days, a few are scattered about its excellent accommodations.

Whence then does this superior attractiveness of the flag race arise? since the view of the races on the course are much more plainly seen throughout than the struggles of the flag race. The problem is not very difficult of solution. In the first place, the flag race dates its origin much more recently than the time of James I., when racing on the course assumed a systematic form, and has not become so familiar as the latter; but far superior to this minor circumstance is the combined association in the mind of the quality of the horse, the courage of the rider, the difficulty and danger of the undertaking.

At the first blush of the case it might be supposed that the horses would not go eagerly, in a flag race, or at least take their fences freely, being destitute of that excitement inspired by hounds; but, when we consider the determined energy which the racer on the course evinces to pass his opponents, in general at least, it is reasonable to suppose that a similar disposition will be manifested in the flag race, as far as regards the running part of the business. There are instances certainly of racers, who "will not leave their horses," without the free application of the "persuaders;" of this General Chasse, a superior animal and a successful racer, was a forcible illustration; he was willing to keep his opponents company, but would not leave them if he could avoid it.

In the flag race, the nags frequently refuse their jumps; this sometimes happens with hounds, but not nearly so often as in the flag race; so that, if in the latter the quadrupedal competitors are sufficiently excited in the gallop to continue running energetically against each other, they are not thus induced to face the fences; a horse, be it recollected, is fearful of falling at places which appear too large or too awkward; and it is certainly a remarkable trait in the character of Lottery that he has never refused a fence at which he has been put. When a horse perceives his rider is timid, and he is sure to discover it in a very short time, he is very apt to refuse his fences; and when one horse refuses, another is likely to follow his example.

A word in favour of the system of flag racing. Whatever may be thought of it by those who measure matters with narrower compasses than those which I am disposed to apply to the present case, no person surely will deny that it is eminently calculated to encourage the production of a class of horses susceptible of more general and greater utility than any other kind; for instance, such a horse as Lottery, capable of carrying thirteen stone up to the fleetest hounds in the kingdom, would have excelled for all the lighter kind of draught, uniting activity, strength, speed, and perseverance; nor do I entertain the least doubt that the genuine blood may be, in due course of time, got up to size and strength much superior to what has hitherto been produced, if proper means be pursued for the purpose. I am decidedly of opinion that our thorough-breds are not exactly the Arabian of a larger size; because, the pure stream being mingled, in the first instance, with the blood of "*the black mare*," we cannot be exactly certain that it has undergone complete purification. If Arabia produce the best kind of horse to be found upon the surface of the globe, the barbarians amongst whom these animals are found are not the best grooms in the world, nor yet the most enlightened physiologists. The Arabians pursue the system of breeding in and in to an injurious extent, as may be perceived by their descriptions of their horses, their pedigrees, &c., and also by the appearance of many of those Eastern horses which have found their way into this country, particularly in the elongation of the pastern. Their mode of feeding, if the transmitted accounts be correct, and there is no reason to doubt them, is not calculated to promote the growth of the horse; and indeed under every view of the case, the horse of Arabia is not likely to experience the least improvement in his native country: the climate appears well suited to his constitution, to the production of those qualities for which he is distinguished; but the well-intended efforts of nature are not seconded and improved by art; and therefore the Arabian horse amongst ignorant Arabians, is more likely to recede from his present state than to advance towards perfection. But, would it not be worth the trial in this country? If Arabian mares as well as Arabian horses were procured and placed under English management, might they not be improved in size to a very considerable extent, without a deterioration of their acknowledged superior qualities? In order however to reach such a "consummation, so devoutly to be wished," a different system must be pursued to that by which sheer ignorance has been so long and so thoughtlessly allowed to impede improvement, particularly in regard to the brood mare. When consigned to the breeding stud, she becomes exposed to the boreal blast, and put upon short allowance; after she has endured the injurious influence of one single winter, she is scarcely recognizable! what a different appearance she presents to the active, sprightly, vivacious animal before she left the course! shrinking beneath the wintry wind, her system cannot fail to suffer severely. Finally, in breeding (and in the treatment altogether) of blood nags, the climate whence the genuine animal originated should be steadily kept in view. If the almost scorching heats of Arabia are found so well suited to his constitution, he must suffer when subjected to the influence of an atmosphere like that of the greater part of the year in this country, particularly in winter.

London Sportsman.

Hunters, after the Chase.

You are too apt, especially if you have had your own mouthful, and lit your cigar, to arm yourself with the sophistry that the sooner you get your horse to his own stable (videlicet, yourself to your own fireside), the better, and if you do take a glass of cherry-bounce, in passing some friendly domicile, it is useless to delay to dismount. Commend me to the man who, on being offered refreshment for himself, accepts it only in favour of his horse, and snatches his own crust and "go down," in the interval of five minutes attendance upon the animal which has borne him, and will repay his attention by bearing him again, well through the toils and pleasures of many a day. He who would betake himself to the road-side public or farm house, and there regale within, while his horse is shivering without, deserves never to hunt again; but there are few, very few, and none deserving the name of generous sportsmen, capable of such insensibility towards the noble beast, in every way superior to the brute who misuses him. Our errors, in this respect, are more of omission than commission. We omit certain precautions, not because they are not duly suggested by prudence, but because they happen at the moment to be incompatible with our convenience. It is certainly the reverse of what is agreeable to be planted at some rural hotel without any very ostensible means of reaching the mahogany, where possibly your presence may be required before "the glasses sparkle on the board," and "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" will resume dominion o'er the close of night. You may have some time to cool yourself before a hack, or any conveyance, can be procured; but if your horse is thoroughly tired, you must not remove him from the first comfortable asylum you can find. It is not necessary that it should be particularly warm; if you can obtain plenty of clothing, he will be the better for plenty of air; tranquil repose is what he requires, and till you can send your own groom to his assistance, you must leave him in charge of a veterinary surgeon, a class of which there is now a respectable sprinkling dotted here and there about most countries. A man must be either a fool or a brute who kills his horse in the field; I do not, of course, mean to say, that horses, like other animals, are not liable to sudden dissolution, and that, from a variety of causes for which the rider is not responsible, a good hunter may not fall a sacrifice to his ardour; but a man must be a fool who perseveres in ignorance to goad a willing horse to death, long after exhausted nature has cried "hold, enough!" and, on the other hand, must be devoid of humanity—ergo, a brute—if he persists in making a bad fight, instead of a decorous retreat, after he is sensible of any failing in the powers of progress.

From F. P. Delrue Radcliffe's late work on Fox-Hunting.

HARRY LORREQUER'S FIRST LOVE.

When emerging from very boyhood, I half believed myself a man, and was fully convinced that I was in love. Perhaps, after all, for the time it lasted—ten days, I think—it was the most sincere passion I ever felt. I had been spending some weeks at a small watering place in Wales with some relatives of my mother. There were, as might be supposed, but few "*distractions*" in such a place, save the scenery, and an occasional day's fishing in the little river of Dolgelly, which ran near. In all these little rambles which the younger portion of the family made together, frequent mention was ever being made of a visit from a very dear cousin, and to which all looked forward with the greatest eagerness—the elder ones of the party with a certain air of quiet pleasure, as though they knew more than they said, and the youngest with all the childish exuberance of youthful delight. Clara Mourtray seemed to be, from all I was hourly hearing, the very paragon and pattern of every thing. If any one was praised for beauty, Clara was immediately pronounced much prettier—did any one sing, Clara's voice and taste were far superior. In our homeward walk, should the shadows of the dark hills fall with a picturesque effect upon the blue lake, some one was sure to say, "Oh! how Clara would like to sketch that." In short, there was no charm or accomplishment ever the gift of woman, that Clara did not possess; or, what amounted pretty much to the same thing, that my relatives did not implicitly give her credit for. The constantly recurring praises of the same person affects us always differently as we go on in life. In youth the prevailing sentiment is an ardent desire to see the prodigy of whom we have heard so much—in after years, heartily to detest what hourly hurts our self-love by comparisons. We would take any steps to avoid meeting what we have inwardly decreed to be a "bore."

The former was my course; and though my curiosity was certainly very great, I had made up my mind to as great a disappointment, and half wished for the longed arrival as a means of criticising what they could see no fault in.

The wished-for evening at length came, and we all set out upon a walk to meet the carriage which was to bring the *bien aimée* Clara among us. We had not walked above a mile when the eager eye of the foremost detected a cloud of dust upon the road at some distance; and, after a few minutes more, four posters were seen coming along at a tremendous rate. The next moment *she* was making the tour of about a dozen uncles, aunts, cousins, and cousines, none of whom, it appeared to me, felt any peculiar desire to surrender the hearty embrace to the next kin in succession. At last she came to me, when, perhaps, in the confusion of the moment, not exactly remembering whether or not she had seen me before, she stood for a moment silent—a deep blush mantling her lovely cheek—masses of waving brown hair disordered and floating upon her shoulder—her large and liquid blue eyes beaming upon me. One look was enough. I was deeply—irretrievably in love.

"Our cousin Harry—Harry Lorrequer—wild Harry, as we used to call him, Clara," said one of the girls, introducing me.

She held out her hand, and said something with a smile. What, I know not—nor can I tell how I replied; but something absurd it must have been, for they all laughed heartily, and the worthy papa himself tapped my shoulder jestingly, adding,

"Never mind, Harry—you will do better one day, or I am much mistaken in you."

Whether I was conscious that I had behaved foolishly or not, I cannot well say; but the whole of that night I thought over plans innumerable how I should succeed in putting myself forward before "Cousin Clara," and vindicating myself against any imputation of schoolboy mannerism that my first appearance might have caused.

The next day we remained at home. Clara was too much fatigued to walk out, and none of us would leave her. What a day of happiness that was! I knew something of music, and could sing a second. Clara was delighted at this, for the others had not cultivated singing much. We therefore spent the whole morning in this way. Then she produced her sketch book, and I brought out mine, and we had a mutual interchange of prisoners. What cutting out of leaves and detaching of rice-paper landscapes! Then she came out upon the lawn to see my pony leap, and promised to ride him the following day. She patted the greyhounds, and said Gipsy, which was mine, was the prettiest. In a word, before night fell Clara had won my heart in its every fibre, and I went to my room the very happiest of mortals.

I need not chronicle my next three days—to me the most glorious "*trois jours*" of my life. Clara had evidently singled me out and preferred me to all the rest. It was beside *me* she rode—upon *my* arm she leaned in walking—and, to *combler* me with delight unutterable, I overheard her say to my uncle, "Oh, I doat upon poor Harry? And it is so pleasant, for I'm sure Mortimer will be so jealous."

"And who is Mortimer?" thought I; "he is a new character in the piece, of whom we have seen nothing."

I was not long in doubt upon this head, for that very day, at dinner, the identical Mortimer presented himself. He was a fine dashing-looking, soldier-like fellow, of about thirty-five, with a heavy moustache, and a bronzed cheek—rather grave in his manner, but still perfectly good natured, and when he smiled showing a most handsome set of regular teeth. Clara seemed less pleased (I thought) at his coming than the others, and took pleasure in tormenting him by a thousand pettish and frivolous ways, which I was sorry for, as I thought he did not like it; and used to look half chidingly at her from time to time, but without any effect, for she just went on as before, and generally ended by taking my arm and saying, "Come away, Harry; you always are kind, and never look sulky. I can agree with *you*." These were delightful words for me to listen to, but I could not hear them without feeling for him, who evidently was pained by Clara's avowed preference for me; and whose years—for I thought thirty-five at that time a little verging upon the patriarchal—entitled him to more respect.

"Well," thought I, one evening, as this game had been carried rather farther than usual, "I hope she is content now, for certainly Mortimer is jealous;" and the result proved it, for the whole of the following day he absented himself, and never came back till late in the evening. He had been, I found, from a chance observation I overheard, at the bishop's palace, and the bishop himself, I learned, was to breakfast with us in the morning.

"Harry, I have a commission for you," said Clara. "You must get up very early to-morrow, and climb the Cader mountain, and bring me a grand bouquét of the blue and purple heath that I liked so much the last time I was there. Mind very early, for I intend to surprise the bishop to-morrow with my taste in a nosegay."

The sun had scarcely risen as I sprang from my bed, and started upon my errand. Oh! the glorious beauty of that morning's walk. As I climbed the mountain, the deep mists lay upon all around, and except the path I was treading, nothing was visible; but before I reached the top, the heavy masses of vapour were yielding to the influence of the sun; and as they rolled from the valley up the mountain sides, were every instant opening new glens and ravines beneath me—bright in all their verdure, and speckled with sheep, whose tingling bells reached me even where I stood.

I counted above twenty lakes at different levels, below me; some brilliant, and shining like polished mirrors; others not less beautiful, dark and solemn with some mighty mountain shadow. As I looked landward, the mountains reared their huge crests, one above the other, to the farthest any eye could reach. Towards the opposite side, the broad and tranquil sea lay beneath me, bathed in the yellow gold of a rising sun; a few ships were peaceably lying at anchor in the bay; and the only thing in motion was a row boat, the heavy monotonous stroke of whose oars rose in the stillness of the morning air. Not a single habitation of man could I descry, nor any vestige of a human being; except that mass of something upon the rock far down beneath be one, and I think it is, for I see the sheep dog ever returning again and again to the same spot.

My bouquet was gathered; the gentian of the Alps, which is found here, also contributing its evidence to show where I had been to seek it, and I turned home.

The family were at breakfast as I entered; at least so the servants said, for I only remembered then that the bishop was our guest, and that I could not present myself without some slight attention to my dress. I hastened to my room, and scarcely had I finished, when one of my cousins, a little girl of eight years, came to the door and said,

"Harry, come down; Clara wants you."

I rushed down stairs, and as I entered the breakfast parlour, stood still with surprise. The ladies were all dressed in white, and even my little cousin wore a gala costume that amazed me.

"My bouquet, Harry; I hope you have not forgotten it," said Clara, as I approached.

I presented it at once, when she gaily and coquettishly held out her hand for me to kiss. This I did, my blood rushing to my face and temples the while, and almost depriving me of consciousness

"Well, Clara, I *am* surprised at you," said Mortimer. "How can you treat the poor boy so?"

I grew deadly pale at these words, and, turning round, looked the speaker full in the face. Poor fellow, thought I, he is jealous, and I am really grieved for him; and turned again to Clara.

"Here it is—oh! how handsome, papa," said one of the younger children, running eagerly to the window, as a very pretty open carriage with four horses drew up before the house.

"The bishop has taste," I murmured to myself, scarcely deigning to give a second look at the equipage.

Clara now left the room, but speedily returned—her dress changed, and shawled as if for a walk. What could all this mean?—and the whispering, too, what is all that?—and why are they all so sad?—Clara has been weeping.

"God bless you, my child—good by," said my aunt, as she folded her in her arms for the third time.

"Good by, good by," I heard on every side. At length, approaching me, Clara took my hand and said—

"My poor Harry, so we are going to part. I am going to Italy."

"To Italy, Clara! Oh! no—say no. Italy! I shall never see you again."

"Won't you wear this ring for me, Harry? It is an old favourite of yours—and when we meet again"——

"Oh! dearest Clara," I said, "do not speak thus."

"Good by, my poor boy, good by," said Clara, hurriedly; and, rushing out of the room, she was lifted by Mortimer into the carriage, who, immediately jumping in after her, the whip cracked, the horses clattered, and all was out of sight in a second.

"Why is she gone with him?" said I, respectfully turning towards my aunt.

"Why, my dear, a very sufficient reason. She was married this morning!"

This was my first love.

[This, we take it, is a fair example of man's first love; suppose, now, we go further and see if the following "Proposal" be equally true to nature.]

HARRY LORREQUER'S PROPOSAL.

On reaching Mrs. Bingham's apartments, we found that she had just left home to wait upon Mrs. O'Leary, and, consequently, that Miss Bingham was alone. Trevanion, therefore, having wished me a safe deliverance through my trying mission, shook my hand warmly and departed.

I stood for some minutes irresolutely, with my hand upon the lock of the door. To think that the next few moments may decide the fortune of one's after life, is a sufficiently anxious thought; but that your fate may be so decided, by compelling you to finish in sorrow what you have begun in folly, is still more insupportable. Such, then, was my condition. I had resolved within myself, that if the result of this meeting should prove that I had won Miss Bingham's affections, to propose for her at once in all form, and make her my wife. If, on the other hand, I only found that she, too, had amused herself with a little passing flirtation, why, then, I was now a free man once more: but, on catechising myself a little closer, also one somewhat disposed to make love *de novo*.

With the speed of lightning my mind ran over every passage of our acquaintance—our first meeting—our solitary walks—our daily, hourly associations—our travelling intimacy—the adventure at Chantraine. There was, it is true, nothing in all this which could establish the fact of wooing, but everything which should convince an old offender like myself that the young lady was "en prise," and that I myself—despite my really strong attachment elsewhere—was not entirely scathless.

"Yes," said I, half aloud, as I once more reviewed the past, "it is but another chapter in my history in keeping with all the rest—one step has ever led me to a second, and so on to a third; what with other men have passed for mere trifles, have ever with me become serious difficulties; and the false enthusiasm with which I ever follow any object in life, blinds me for the time, and mistaking zeal for inclination, I never feel how little my heart is interested in success, till the fever of pursuit is over."

These were pleasant thoughts for one about to throw himself at a pretty girl's feet, and pour out his "soul of love before her;" but that with me was the least part of it. Curran, they say, usually picked up his facts in a case from the opposite counsel's statements. I always relied for my conduct in carrying on any thing, to the chance circumstances of the moment, and trusted to my animal spirits to give me an interest in whatever I was for the time being engaged in.

I opened the door. Miss Bingham was sitting at a table, her head leaning upon her hands—some open letters which lay before her, evidently so occupying her attention, that my approach was unheard. On my addressing her, she turned round suddenly, and became at first deep scarlet, then pale as death; while, turning to the table, she hurriedly threw her letters into a drawer, and motioned me to a place beside her.

After the first brief and common-place inquiry for my health, and hopes for my speedy recovery, she became silent; and I, too, primed with topics innumerable to discuss—knowing how short my time might prove before Mrs. Bingham's return—could not say a word.

"I hope, Mr. Lorrequer," said she, at length, "that you have incurred no risque by leaving your room so early."

"I had not," I replied. "But, even were there a certainty of it, the anxiety I laboured under to see and speak with you alone, would have overcome all fears on this account. Since this unfortunate business has confined me to my chamber, I have done nothing but think over circumstances which have at length so entirely taken possession of me, that I must, at any sacrifice, have sought an opportunity to explain to you"—here Emily looked down, and I continued—"I need scarcely say what my feelings must long since have betrayed, that to have enjoyed the daily happiness of living in your society, of estimating your worth, of feeling your fascinations, were not the means most in request for him, who knew, too well, how little he deserved, either by fortune or desert, to hope to make thee his; and yet, how little has prudence or caution to do with situations like this." She did not guess the animus of this speech. "I felt all I have described; and yet, I lingered on, prizing too dearly the happiness of the present hour, to risque it by any avowal of sentiments, which might have banished me from your presence for ever. If the alternation of these hopes and fears have proved too strong for my reason to last, I cannot help it; and this it is which now leads me to make this avowal to you." Emily turned her head away from me; but her agitated manner showed how deeply my words had affected her; and I, too, now that I had finished, felt that I had been "coming it rather strong."

"I hoped, Mr. Lorrequer," said she, at length, "I hoped, I confess, to have had the opportunity of speaking with you." Then, thought I, the game is over, and Bishop Luscombe is richer by five pounds, than I wish him.——"Something, I know not what, in your manner, led me to suspect that your affections might lean towards me: hints you dropped; and, now and then, your chance allusions strengthened the belief, and I determined, at length, that no feeling of maidenly shame on my part should endanger the happiness of either of us, and I determined to see you; this was so difficult, that I wrote a letter, and that letter, which might have saved me all this distressing explanation, I burned before you this morning."

"But, why, dearest girl"—here was a plunge—"why, if the letter could remove any misconstruction, or could be the means of dispelling any doubt—why not let me see it?"

"Hear me out," cried she, eagerly, and evidently not heeding what I said. "I determined if your affections were indeed on"——a flood of tears here broke forth, and drowned her words; her head sank between her hands, and she sobbed bitterly.

"Corpo di Baccho!" said I to myself, "It is all over with me; the poor girl is evidently jealous, and her heart will break."

"Dearest, dearest Emily," said I, passing my arm round her, and approaching my head close to her's, "if you can think that any other love than yours could ever beat within this heart—that I could see you hourly before me—live beneath your smile, and gaze upon your beauty—and, still more than all—pardon the boldness of the thought—feel that I was not indifferent to you"——

"Oh! spare me this at least," said she, turning round her tearful eyes upon me, and looking most bewitchingly beautiful. "Have I then showed you thus plainly"——

"Yes, dearest girl! That instinct which tells us we are loved has spoken within me. And hear in this beating heart"——

"Oh! say not more," said she, "If I have, *indeed*, gained your affections"——

"*If—if* you have," said I, clasping her to my heart, while she continued to sob still violently, and felt half disposed to blow my brains out for my success. However, there is something in love-making as in fox-hunting, which carries you along in spite of yourself; and I continued to pour forth whole rhapsodies of love that the Pastor Fido could not equal.

"Enough," said she, "it is enough that you love me and that I have encouraged your so doing. But oh! tell me once more, and think how much of future happiness may rest upon your answer—tell me, may not this be some passing attachment, which circumstances have created, and others may dispel? Say, might not absence, time, or another more worthy"——

This was certainly a very rigid cross-examination when I thought the trial was over; and not being exactly prepared for it, I felt no other mode of reply than pressing her taper fingers ardently to my lips, and muttering something that might pass for a declaration of love unalterable, but, to my own ears, resembled a lament on my folly.

"She is mine now," thought I, "so we must e'en make the best of it; and truly she is a very handsome girl, though not a Lady Jane Callonby. The next step is the mamma; but I do not anticipate much difficulty in that quarter."

"Leave me now," said she, in a low and broken voice; "but promise not to speak of this meeting to any one before we meet again. I have my reasons; believe me they are sufficient ones. So promise me this before we part."

Having readily given the pledge required, I again kissed her hand and bade farewell, not a little puzzled the whole time at perceiving that ever since my declaration and acceptance Emily seemed anything but happy, and evidently struggling against some secret feeling of which I knew nothing. "Yes," thought I, as I wended my way along the corridor, "the poor little girl is tremendously jealous, and I must have said many a thing during our intimacy to hurt her. However, that is all passed and gone; and now comes a new character for me: my next appearance will be '*en bon mari.*'"

Dublin University Magazine, for June.

By and by we hope to learn how the adventure terminated.—Ed.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

"You know the story of the Knight of Kerry and Billy Macabe?"

"I fear I must confess my ignorance—I never heard of it."

"Then may be you never knew Giles Daxon?"

"I have not that pleasure either."

"Lord bless me, how strange that is! I thought he was better known than the Duke of Wellington or the travelling piper. Well, I must tell you the story, for it has a moral, too—indeed several morals; but you'll find that out for yourself. Well, it seems that one day the Knight of Kerry was walking along the Strand in London, killing an hour's time, till the house was done prayers, and Hume tired of hearing himself speaking; his eye was caught by an enormous picture displayed upon the wall of a house, representing a human figure covered with long dark hair, with huge nails upon his hands, and with a most fearful expression of face. At first the Knight thought it was Dr. Bowring; but on coming nearer he heard a man with a scarlet livery and a cocked hat, call out, 'Walk in, ladies and gentlemen—the most vonderful curiosity ever exhibited—only one shilling—the vild man from Chippoowango, in Africay—eats raw wittals without being cooked, and many other surprising and pleasing performances.'

"The Knight paid his money, and was admitted. At first the crowd prevented his seeing anything—for the place was full to suffocation, and the noise awful—for, besides the exclamations and applause of the audience, there were three barrel-organs, playing 'Home, sweet home!' and 'Cherry Ripe,' and the wild man himself contributed his share to the uproar. At last, the Knight obtained, by dint of squeezing and some pushing, a place in the front, when, to his very great horror, he beheld a figure that far eclipsed the portrait without doors.

"It was of a man nearly naked, covered with long, shaggy hair, that grew even over his nose and cheek bones. He sprang about sometimes on his feet, sometimes on all-fours, but always uttering the most fearful yells, and glaring on the crowd, in a manner that was really dangerous. The Knight did not feel exactly happy at the whole proceeding, and began heartily to wish himself back in the "House," even upon a committee of privileges, when, suddenly, the savage gave a more frantic scream than before, and seized upon a morsel of raw beef, which a keeper extended to him upon a long fork, like a tandem whip—he was not safe, it appears, at close quarters;—this he tore to pieces, eagerly, and devoured in the most voracious manner, amid great clapping of hands, and other evidences of satisfaction from the audience. I'll go now, thought the Knight; for, God knows whether, in his hungry moods, he might not fancy to conclude his dinner with a member of parliament. Just at this instant, some sounds struck his ear that surprised him not a little. He listened more attentively; and, conceive if you can his amazement, to find that, amid his most fearful cries and wild yells, the savage was talking Irish. Laugh, if you like; but it's truth I am telling you; nothing less than Irish. Then he was jumping four feet high in the air; eating his raw meat; pulling out his hair by handfuls; and, amid all this, cursing the whole company to his heart's content, in as good Irish as ever was heard in Tralee. Now, though the Knight had heard of red Jews, and white Negroes, he never happened to read any account of an African Irishman; so, he listened very closely, and, by degrees, not only the words were known to him, but the very voice was familiar. At length, something he heard, left no further doubt upon his mind, and, turning to the savage, he addressed him in Irish, at the same time fixing a look of most scrutinizing import upon him,

"Who are you, you scoundrel?" said the Knight.

"Billy M'Cabe, your honour."

"And what do you mean by playing off these tricks here, instead of earning your bread like an honest man?"

"Whisht," said Billy, "and keep the secret. I'm earning the rent for your honour. One must do many a queer thing that pays two pound ten an acre for bad land."

This was enough: the Knight wished Billy every success, and left him amid the vociferous applause of a well-satisfied audience. This adventure, it seems, has made the worthy Knight a great friend to the introduction of poor laws; for, he remarks very truly, that more of Billy's countrymen might take a fancy to a savage life, if the secret were found out.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE SAFETY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Monsieur Eugene S—— had so brilliantly distinguished himself in his career at the French bar, that, at the early age of twenty-eight he was named Procureur du roi, an office in many respects similar to that of our attorney-general. To a great knowledge of his profession, rarely attained at so early a period of life, he united the gift of a most convincing eloquence; and, stranger still, a thorough acquaintance with human nature in all its shapes and phases, which seemed absolutely incompatible with his habits of close study and seclusion; There was no art nor "metier" with the details of which he was unacquainted. no rank or walk in life, whose feelings and prejudices he could not dip into, and identify himself with. The very dialect of the lowest classes he had made his study, and from the patois of Normandy, to the outlandish jargon of the Gascogne, he was familiar with them all. Talents like these were not long in establishing the fame of their possessor, and before he had been four years at the bar, it was difficult to say whether he was more feared as a rival by his colleagues, or more dreaded as an accuser by the criminal. This to a French avocat was the very pinnacle of professional fame.

As his practice extended, his labor at home became much greater; frequently he did not leave his study till daybreak, and always appeared each morning at the opening of the court. The effect upon his health was evident in his pallid look, and his figure, formerly erect and firm, becoming stooped and bent; the life of excitement his career presented left neither time nor inclination for society or amusement; and his existence was thus one great mental struggle.

All who understand the nature of a trial for life and death in France, are aware that it is neither more nor less than a drama, in which the Procureur du roi plays the principal character; and whose success is estimated by but one test—the conviction of the accused. There is no preparation too severe, no artifice too deep, no plot too subtle for the advocate upon occasions like this; he sets himself patiently to learn the character of the prisoner, his habits, his feelings, his prejudices, his fears; and by the time the trial comes on is thoroughly familiar with every leading trait and feature of the man.

In combats like these our advocate's life was passed; and so complete a mastery had the demoniacal passion gained over him, that whenever, by the acquittal of a "prevenu," he seemed to be defrauded in his rightful tribute of admiration and applause, the effect upon his spirits became evident; his head drooped, and for several days he would scarcely speak. The beaten candidate for collegiate honors never suffered from defeat as he did; and at last to such a height had this infatuation reached, that his own life seemed actually to hang in the scale upon every trial for a capital offence; and upon the issue, threatened death to the advocate or the accused. "Laquel de deux," said an old barrister, at the opening of a case, and the words became a proverb concerning Monsieur S——.

This mania was at its height when the government directed him to proceed to Bordeaux to take the direction of a trial, which, at that period, was exciting the greatest interest in France. The case was briefly this:—A gentleman travelling for pleasure, accompanied by a single servant, had taken up his residence for some weeks upon the banks of the Garonne. Here the mild urbanity of his manners and prepossessing address had soon won for him the attention and good will of the inhabitants, who were much taken with him, and in an equal degree prejudiced against the servant, whose Bretagne stupidity and rudeness were ill calculated to make friends for him. In the little village where they sojourned two new arrivals were sure to attract their share of attention, and they were most rigidly canvassed, but always with the same judgment.

Such was the state of matters, when one morning the village was thrown into commotion by the report that the stranger had been murdered in the night and that the servant was gone, no one knew whither. On opening the door of the little cottage a strange and sad sight presented itself; the floor was covered with packing cases and chests, corded and fastened as if for a journey; the little plate and few books of the deceased were carefully packed, and every thing betokened the preparation for departure. In the bed-room the spectacle was still more strange; the bed-clothes lay in a heap upon the floor covered with blood, and a broken razor, a twisted and torn portion of a dressing-gown lay beside them; there were several foot-tracks in the blood upon the floor; and these were traced through a small dressing-room which led out upon a garden where they disappeared in the grass; the servant was no where to be found, neither could any trace of the body be discovered. Such were, in few words, the chief circumstances which indicated the commission of the dreadful crime, and in the state of public feeling towards the two parties, were deemed sufficiently strong to implicate the servant, who, it was now discovered, had been seen some leagues up on the road to Bordeaux early that morning.

The commissaire of police set out immediately in pursuit; and before night the man was arrested. At first his usual stupid and sullen manner was assumed; but on hearing that the death of his master was now proved, he burst into tears and never spoke more.

The most diligent search was now made to discover the body, but without the slightest success. It was no where to be found; a hat belonging to the deceased was taken up near the river, and the general belief was, that the corpse had been thrown into the river and carried down by the current, which is here very rapid. The indignation of all parties, who were never kindly disposed to the servant, rose to the greatest height, that he would never acknowledge what had been done with the body, although now no doubt remained upon their mind as to his guilt.

His trial at length came on; and Monsieur S—— arrived "special" in Lyons to conduct it. The great principle in English criminal law, that a conviction cannot be held for murder until the body be found, exists not in France; but in lieu of it they require a chain of circumstantial evidence of the strongest and most convincing nature.

To discover this where it existed, to fashion it where it did not, were easy to the practised advocate; and the poor prisoner, whose reasoning powers were evidently of the weakest order, and whose intelligence was most limited, offered an easy victim to every subtle question of the lawyer; he fell deeper and deeper into the snare laid for him; he was made to say that though upon the road to Bordeaux, he knew not why he was there: that the watch and keys in his possession were his master's he acknowledged; but why they were in his keeping he could not tell: every hesitation of his manner, every momentary indication of trouble and confusion were turned against him; and even when a fitful gleam of intelligence would shoot across his clouded brain, it was anticipated by his torturer, and converted to his injury. The result may be easily guessed; he was condemned to death; and the following morning, as the advocate received at his levee the congratulations of the authorities upon his success and ability, the prisoner was led to the guillotine amid the execration of ten thousand people.

Two years after this trial took place our advocate was passing through Amiens on his way to Peronne. There was considerable bustle and confusion in the hotel, from an incident which had just occurred, and which shocked all the inmates. A gentleman who had arrived the evening before, having attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and was found two miles off upon the high road, where it appeared he had fallen from loss of blood, having walked thus far after his intended crime.

"His name is Lemoine," said some one in the crowd, as they carried him bleeding, and nearly lifeless into the house.

"Lemoine!" said Monsieur S——, musingly; "the name of the man murdered at Lyons by Jean Labarte."

"And what is most strange," said another, not hearing the muttered observation of Monsieur S——, "he is now perfectly sensible and most penitent for his attempt, which he ascribes to a passing insanity that he has been liable to from a boy; the impulse is first to destroy, then to conceal himself."

"That is indeed singular," said Monsieur S——, "but there is no combating a monomania."

"So the poor man feels, for he has already essayed the same thing several times—in the last he nearly succeeded when living on the Garonne."

"The Garonne—Lemoine—" screamed, rather than spoke the advocate—"when—where—the name of the village?"

"La Hulpe," said the stranger.

"Great God, I am a murderer!" said S——, as he fell upon the pavement, the blood streaming from his mouth and nose; they lifted him up at once and carried him into the house; but the shock had been too much. The face of the murdered Jean Labarte, as with stupid look and heavy inexpressive gaze, he stared up from the dock, never left him after; and he passed his remaining days in Charenton a despairing, broken-hearted maniac.

It subsequently came out that poor Labarte, knowing that his master was threatened with an attack, had packed up all he possessed, and set out for Bordeaux to procure a physician, trusting that from his precaution no mischief could accrue in the meanwhile—one razor was unfortunately forgotten, and gave rise to all the circumstances we have mentioned.

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AN IRISH RECTOR'S "HARDEST NIGHT."

In his note upon "Barney of Macroom," Crofton Croker remarks, "it is difficult to form a correct estimate of the quantity of whiskey punch which may be comfortably discussed at a sitting." We sincerely trust it is. At least, we should be sorry to sit down twice with the man that kept a score of it. Put a fire under the pump, said old Giles Dackson, and be perpetually bringing up hot water. We never heard of any other gauge attempted than this one. To think of an allusion to a temperance society in a work called the "Popular Songs of Ireland!" It is fortunate for our old friend T——, the rector of Carrickmacross, that the Lord sent for him before he read this. He never would have held his head up after. Poor T——, his testimony in regard to strong drink would not have supported Crofton's. I must tell ye a story about him. When the Duke of Richmond—the only lord lieutenant, after all, we ever *really* had—was making one of his little excursions in Ireland, he chanced to spend some days with Lord Blayney. Now, though the lord himself was a very respectable pull at the decanter, he was nothing at all compared with the duke. "What will become of me?" says Lord Blayney—"there is no one here fit to drink with his grace, and I'll be ruined if he goes to bed dry. Major Hitchcock is laid up in the barracks, with leeches on his head, and T——n, they tell me, is at the visitation."

The more he thought of it, the more puzzled he was; till at last he determined to send an express for the rector to Armagh, where they caught him just going to dine with the primate, for he preached the visitation sermon that morning.

His reverence knew what was meant, and, making an excuse to the archbishop, set off with all speed to Castle-blaney. He just got in when they had finished dinner; but little he cared for that; there was plenty of port, and some very crusty old hermitage, and he soon consoled himself. Well, a pleasanter evening never was heard tell of than they passed. T—— told some of his best stories, and the duke laughed so heartily that he nearly cried, and at one time he fell down, and they were all frightened, thinking it was apoplexy, for he was nearly blue in the face; but it was only laughing; and small blame to him to laugh, for Billy T—— was sitting upon the hearth rug, singing Lazarus and Dives in such a way as would half kill the chapter and all the prebends if they heard him.

Well, at a little after two o'clock they were all under the table, except his grace and the rector.

"Now, Mr. T——," said the duke, "you know the ways of the house. Could we have a little of something warm?"

"By all manner of means," said the other, ringing a private bell in the corner of the room, which was always a sign for spirits and hot water—"and I was only waiting for your grace to say the word, for I'm growing a little husky. Port is a mighty dry wine."

The materials came in, and at a little past four his grace gave in, and lay down on the carpet, and T—— went home across the fields, looking as fresh as a rose, and with a great appetite for breakfast.

Well, this went on for three evenings, and the duke at last, who never was beat before, could not help feeling surprised at the rosy color and pleasant looks of the rector, when every body else about him was suffering from the late hours and hard drinking.

"T——, you're a wonderful man," says his grace. "Upon my conscience you ought to be a bishop."

"Ah, I don't know, your grace," said T——, timidly.

"But you ought though. Do you know, you're the only man that ever drank me down. And ye have a beautiful voice. We must see about ye. But mind, you must not go on this way: no health, no constitution could stand it."

"Mine is getting very used to it by this time, my lord."

"But are you never the worse for any thing you take?"

"Never, my lord."

"Think, now, for a moment—never is a strong word, and you must have had some stiff bouts of it in your time. Pray, now, which do you reckon the hardest night you ever had?"

"Let me see. Well, then, the severest drink I ever took was with his lordship's mother there, rest her sowl, for she's in glory."

"With *my* mother," said Lord Blayney, starting up. "Why, T——, what are you at now? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Perfectly well, my lord, and I repeat it, that was the hardest night I ever got through."

"By Jove, this is good," said the duke. "Now, T——, give us the account of that same evening, for I'm rather curious about it."

"Willingly, my lord, and briefly, too. I was dining here one day after a very hard day's hunt—we were just in our fifth bottle of claret, getting comfortable and warm, after the fatigue of the day, when a servant came to say that some one wanted me at the door.

"'Send him off, then,' said my lord, 'this is no time——'

"'But it may be parish business,' said I.

"'The more reason, you can't do any thing now.'

"'I'll wager ten pounds it's some news of Cathogue,' (one of the best hounds in the pack, that strayed from us in the morning,) said Nicholson.

"'Maybe you're right,' said I, jumping up at once, and running out of the room into the hall, where I was prettily annoyed to see my old sexton with a cock-and-a-bull story of a funeral. I was so vexed at the time, that as I turned to go back, I mistook my way, and instead of reaching the dining-room, found myself, after some serpentining, in Lady Blayney's boudoir, as she used to call it. There she was, all alone, drinking tea at a little table, as comfortable as might be.

"'Oh, how kind of you, Mr. T——,' said she, as I came in; 'you've left the dining-room early. May I offer you a cup of tea?'

"I never, someway or other, could refuse any thing like drink. If it was an apothecary, I believe, himself, who asked me, I'd pledge him in senna mixture—out of habit, I suppose. So I said with the greatest pleasure, and down I sat; and sure enough, we both set at it in right earnest. I never drank fairer in my life; filling up and clearing off, just as if I was in the dinner-room. Sixteen cups of tea my lady finished that evening; and when I saw that she was hard aground, I called for the seventeenth, and took it off in a bumper. But, will you believe it, that night's hard drink I never recovered for three months; but then I have a safe conscience about it, *for I always drank fair*."

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PHAUDHRIG CROHOORE.

Oh Phaudhrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,
And he stood six foot eight,
And his arm was as round as another man's thigh,
'Tis Phaudhrig was great,—
And his hair was as black as the shadows of night,
And hung over the scars left by many a fight;
And his voice like the thunder was deep, strong, and loud,
And his eye like the lightnin', from under the cloud.
And all the girls liked him, for he could spake civil,
And sweet when he chose it, for he was the divil.
An' there wasn't a girl from thirty-five undher,
Divil a matter how crass but he could come round her.
But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him, but one
Was the girl of his heart, an' he loved her alone.
An' warm as the sun, as the rock firm an' sure
Was the love of the heart of Phaudhrig Crohoore,
An' he'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
For his love, like his hatred, was sthrong as the lion.

But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well
As he hated Crohoore, an' that same was like hell.
But O'Brien liked *him*, for they were the same parties,
The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, and Cartys—
An' they all went together an' hated Crohoore,
For it's many's the batin' he gave them before—
An' O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he,
I'll marry your daughter if you'll give her to me,—
And the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on,
The company assimbled, three hundred if one,—
There was all the O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Cartys,
An' the young boys an' girls av all o' them parties.
An' the O'Briens av coorse, gathered strong on that day
An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away,
There was roarin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin', an' flingin',
An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin',
An' they wor all laughin', why not to be sure,
How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaudhrig Crohoore,
An' they all talked an' laughed the length of the table
Atin' an' dhrinkin' all while they wor able,
And with pipin' an' fiddlin' an' roarin' like tundher,
Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asundher;
And the priest called out "silence ye blackguards agin,"
An' he took up his prayer-book, just goin' to begin,
An' they all held their tongues from their funnin' and bawlin'
So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin';
An' the priest was just beginnin' to read, whin the door
Sprung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore,
Oh! Phaudhrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,
An' he stood six foot eight,
An' his arm was as round as another man's thigh,
'Tis Phaudhrig was great,—
An' he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky,
An' none sthrove to stop him, for Phaudhrig was great,
Till he stood all alone, just apposit the sate,
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,
Were sitting so illigant out side by side,—
An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke,
An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, an' spoke,
An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, sthrong, an' loud,
An' his eye shone like lightnin' from under the cloud,—
"I didn't come here like a tame, crawlin' mouse,
But I stand like a man in my inimy's house,
In the field, on the road, Phaudhrig never knew fear,
Of his foeman, an' God knows he scorns it here;
So lave me at aise for three minutes or four,
To spake to the girl I'll never see more."
An' to Kathleen he turned, and his voice changed its tone,
For he thought of the days when he called her his own,
An' his eye blazed like lightnin' from undher the cloud
On his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud,
An', says he, "Kathleen bawn is it thrue what I hear,
That you marry of your free choice without threat or fear?
If so spake the word, an' I'll turn and depart,
Chated once, and once only, by woman's false heart."
Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl dumb,
An' she thried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come,
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornint her,
Wint cowld on her heart as the night wind in winther.
An' the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow,
And pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow;
Then the heart of bould Phaudhrig swelled high in its place,
For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face,
That though sthrangers an' foemen their pledged hands might sever,
Her true heart was his, and his only, for ever.
An' he lifted his voice, like the agle's hoarse call,
An' says Phaudhrig, "She's mine still, in spite of ye all."
Then up jumped O'Hanlon', an' a tall boy was he,
An' he looked on bould Phaudhrig as fierce as could be,
An' says he, "By the hokey, before you go out,
Bould Phaudhrig Crohoore, you must fight for a bout."
Then Phaudhrig made answer, "I'll do my endeavor,"
An' with one blow, he stretched bould O'Hanlon for ever.
In his arms he took Kathleen, an' stepped to the door;
And he leaped on his horse, and flung her before;
An' they were all so bother'd, that not a man stirred
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard.
Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm,
An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm,
An' they roared, and they ran, and they shouted galore;
But Kathleen and Phaudhrig they never saw more.

But them days are gone by, an' he is no more;
An' the green grass is growin' o'er Phaudhrig Crohoore,
For he couldn't be asy or quiet at all;
As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall.
And he took a good pike—for Phaudhrig was great—
An' he fought an' he died in the year ninety-eight.
An' the day that Crohoore in the green field was killed,
A sthrong boy was sthretched, and a sthrong heart was stilled.

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* It is due to the memory of Finley to say, that the foregoing ballad, though bearing throughout a strong resemblance to Walter Scott's Lochinvar, was, nevertheless, composed long before that spirited production had seen the light.

Dublin University Magazine for June.

Birth of a Giraffe.—On Wednesday morning, the beautiful giraffe belonging to the members of the Zoological Society, gave birth to a fine young male animal. The novelty is particularly great, it being the first of its species ever born in this country, or indeed in Europe. The birth of a giraffe is of great importance in natural history, the giraffe, like the elephant, breeding far within the recesses of its native woods. The young one stands about six feet high, and is remarkably strong and active. The mother showed it much attention just after birth, but will not now allow the young one to approach her, and it is fed with cow's milk out of a bottle, of which it partakes plentifully. This negligence of the mother to her offspring is attributed to the shyness of the animal in its domestic state, as the same is noticed in the dromedary, nyl-ghau, and other foreign animals which have bred for the first time in the menagerie. The mother is in good health, as are likewise the two males, which have now stood three English winters at the gardens. A singular circumstance was noticed on the introduction of the two latter into a den contiguous to that of the female and her young one. One of the males took no notice of the young stranger, but turned away with unconcern, whilst the parent endeavoured to break down the partition which interposed between them, and on the upper part of a door being opened, put down his head, caressing him in a fond manner.

THE LAW.

IRISH JUSTICE.

"Law, Sir," repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright, "Law, Sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us; and let me tell you, Sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the King,' said the crier, and then I left them all; and I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and please God we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honor and honesty of the cases that come before us."

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

We remember something far better than this on our circuit formerly. Old Mills, that used to go to the south-west for the Chief Justice occasionally, always decided the cases alternately for the plaintiff and defendant. It saved him a deal of trouble, and he believed he was dispensing "equal" justice. Johnston one day, however, was counsel in a case for a plaintiff, and the preceding trial having been given in favor of a plaintiff, he of course knew he must lose his cause. So he addressed the bench, and begged a prorogation, which being refused for want of sufficient ground, he said, "Your lordship having just decided for a plaintiff, I know your lordship's sense of impartiality will lead you to pronounce *now* for the defendant; and so we had rather wait one turn more." The judge laughed heartily, and all the court, and the plea was admitted.

Dublin University Magazine.

AN IRISH JEHU.

There seems to be a special providence expressly provided for Irish men, women, and children, without which, what with fires, floods, burnings, house-fallings, car-upsettings, &c., there would not be a whole bone in the island. "I have been doing my best to drive over a child in this town for the last eight-and-twenty years," said an English mail-coach driver to his friend on the box, "and never could do it!" The risks that are run, the hazards encountered in every excursion by land or by water by these dare-devil people, would astonish and terrify their more civilised and cautious neighbors. At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland Lord Guillamore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather than proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, long-tailed chesnut, had given, even on the level road, some very unequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

"I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan!" said the postillion, purposely turning a deaf ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship.

"I'll get down—open the door, my man," reiterated his lordship.

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honor," said the incorrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was said, and all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the verge of the hill. "Now, hould fast," said the wretch, as he laid the lash first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened annihilation—the long-tailed chesnut contriving, even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the judge's nose as he sat in the chaise, the postillion springing with wonderful agility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every instant to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracle escaped. Down they came, the hot chesnut now half-mad from excitement springing four and five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge—round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety at the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quickset hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leisurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that chesnut ever in harness before!"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'll give eight pound for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Sliev-na-muck, without breaking the chaise or "*doing ye any harm.*"

Dublin University Magazine.

THE FAT ENGLISHMAN AT VESUVIUS.

From Lady Blessington's Idler in Italy.

A most piteous sight was presented to us by the ascent of a very fat, elderly Englishman, who commenced this painful operation at the same time that we did. He was, like me, preceded by a guide with leathern straps, to which he adhered with such vigorous tenacity as frequently to pull down the unfortunate man, who complained loudly. The lava, gravel, and cinders, put in motion by the feet of his conductor, rolling on those of the fat gentleman, extorted from him sundry reproaches, to which, however, the Italian was wholly insensible, not understanding a word of English. The rubicund face of our countryman was now becoming of so dark a crimson as to convey the idea of no slight danger from an attack of apoplexy, and it was bathed, not in dew, but in profuse perspiration, which fell in large drops on his protuberant stomach. Being afraid to let go the leather straps for even an instant, he was in a pitiable dilemma how to get at his pocket-handkerchief. Panting and exhausted, he used a considerable portion of the breath he could so little spare, in uttering exclamations of his anger at his own folly in attempting such an ascent, and in reproaches and "curses not loud but deep," on the stupidity, as he termed it, of his guide. He had not less than eight or ten falls during the ascent, and at each fresh disaster bellowed like a bull, which drew peals of laughter from the chair-bearers and guides. One of our party offered to take out his pocket-handkerchief, seeing how much he stood in need of it, an offer which he thankfully accepted, but explained that his pockets were secured by buckles on the inside, to prevent his being robbed, a precaution, he added, that he well knew the necessity of, as those d—d Lazarettos (Lazaroni he meant) would not otherwise leave a single article in it. It required no little portion of ingenuity to separate the pocket inside, and while the operation was performing, he kept praying that his purse, snuff-box, or silver flask, might not be displayed, lest they might tempt the "Lazarettos" to make away with him in order to obtain those valuables.

"I took care to conceal my watch," said he, with a significant look, "for I know these rascals of Lazarettos right well. Why, would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen, they pretty nearly knocked me down in that dirty village where the donkeys are hired? I was up to their tricks, however, and saw with half an eye that when they pretended to fight among themselves, it was a mere sham, as an excuse that I might get an unlucky blow between them; when, I warrant me, they would soon have dispatched me, and have divided my property amongst them, but they saw your large party coming and that saved me."

I asked why, if his opinion of the Neapolitans was so bad, he ventured alone with them on so hazardous an expedition.

"Indeed, ma'am, I never had such a foolish intention; for, would you believe it, I have come to that there dirty village no less than three times, in the hope of meeting a large party of English, who might serve as a protection for me; but, until to-day, never saw more than one or two persons, therefore I returned as I came. I had heard, however, so much of this burning mountain that I was determined to look on it with my own eyes, for I am one of those who don't believe everything I hear, I can tell you—and more especially about places in foreign parts. In truth, ma'am, I just wanted to be able when I got home to say, 'Why, good people, I've been on the spot, and am up to the whole thing.' It is the desire to surprise or silence our neighbours that makes all people put themselves to such trouble to see sights, for never tell me that folk take pleasure in rolling about in this here way; no, no, it's all for the sake of astonishing and vexing people when one gets home."

We soon left the fat gentleman far behind, consoling him by affirming that as we should be always in sight no danger could occur from the cupidity or malice of the man who accompanied him: for all attempts to prove that the "Lazarettos," as he persisted in calling them, were by no means disposed to injure strangers was out of the question. He only shook his head, gave a knowing wink, and answered, "I'm up to them; take my word for it, I'm up to them."

Literary.—We have said before that the *brochure* entitled "Cheveley; or, the Woman of Honour," is not the production of Sir Lytton Bulwer; he has openly disowned it, but it does not follow because he has done so that he does not know who the author is, or that he might not have suggested an idea upon the subject. It comes very near home when it is known that a brother of his *chere amie* avows himself the writer of it.

MONARCH.

We have now on exhibition at This Office a Portrait of this distinguished race horse, Painted by **De Veaux**, an emnent young artist of South Carolina, expressly with a view to its being engraved for the "Spirit of the Times." *Monarch* was bred at the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, by His late Majesty **William** IV., and was imported by Col. **Wade Hampton**, of Columbia, S. C., for whom the original painting was made. Since he came upon the Turf in 1837, Monarch has never lost a heat, having won three races at four mile heats—one race at three mile heats—two races at two mile heats, and walked over for the Tattersall Whip, a single four miles, in which after galloping three miles, he ran the fourth, carrying 9lbs. extra, in 1:48. After the latter race, ran on the 23d of Feb. last, at Charleston, the enormous sum of $20,000 was refused for him. Monarch is own brother to *The Queen*, for whom $8000 was refused three weeks since; he will be 5 yrs. old in May next.

The Portrait of **Monarch**, which we have received, is considered a most striking likeness. It is De Veaux's first attempt at animal painting, and that he has succeeded admirably is evinced by the testimony of the owner of Monarch and of his friends. The latter writes us to the following effect:—

"Monarch's picture is a capital likeness." * * * * * * "I have, as you know, an original painting of *Rowton*, by the best artist in England; Monarch's picture I think much more finished than the latter, and the likeness is perfect—the best I ever saw." * * * "I have but one other painting of Monarch [by another artist] and on the whole I maintain **De Veaux**'s to be not only the best painting, but the best likeness I have ever seen. It is true Monarch is not flattered, and in some points the artist may have done him injustice; but I would as soon give a spurious pedigree of a horse as to issue a flattered likeness of him; taken altogether, the painting you have, is as true to Nature as possible."

De Veaux's painting of *Monarch* will go into the Engraver's hands next week, and will follow that of *Shark*, by **Troye**, which is well advanced. The utmost care will be taken with it, and no expense whatever spared to make it as perfectly finished and beautiful as possible.

Importation of Durham Cattle.

Messrs. **John Hutchcraft & Brothers**, of Bourbon County, Ky., well known to the Breeding interest of the country as the owners of the celebrated *Bertrand*, have lately imported into this city a superior lot of Durham Cattle. The cattle will be put on board a Canal boat at Whitehall this afternoon at 4 o'clock, to be forwarded on Monday next by the Delaware and Raritan Canal, on their way to Kentucky.

The cattle came out in the ships *Margaret Scott* and *Mohawk;* the latter made the passage out from Liverpool in 46, and the former in 47 days. Notwithstanding their long passage the cattle are in fine order. Mr. **John C. Etches**, of Liverpool, was the agent of the Messrs. H., and the fidelity with which he discharged his commission has given the highest satisfaction. The pedigrees of the cattle, by an accident at Liverpool, did not accompany them; they are confidently expected by the steamer "Liverpool," and will be furnished for publication in this paper. They are said to be highly bred, and their appearance indicates the purity of their blood. We are indebted to one of the owners for the annexed list:—

No. 1. A *Roan Bull*, 16 months old; has very fine size, combined with great symmetry.

No. 2. A *Roan Bull*, a yearling; very handsome, with plenty of bone and muscle.

No. 3. A *Red and White Cow*, 4 yrs. old, in calf.

No. 4. *Blossom*, a red and white spotted Cow, 3 yrs. old, in calf.

No. 5. *Beda*, a white Cow with roan neck, 3 yrs. old, in calf.

No. 6. *Fatima*, a red Cow, slightly spotted with white, 3 yrs. old, in calf.

No. 7. A *Roan Heifer*, a yearling.

Taken altogether this is a very likely lot of cattle, of remarkably bloodlike appearance and fine promise. Breeders and amateurs in fine cattle in this vicinity would be repaid by a visit to this lot, for the importation of which the Messrs. Hutchcraft merit the thanks of their fellow citizens. Kentucky promises to take the lead of Ohio in breeding fine Cattle, as she has ever done in Horses, and as this is her third or fourth importation this season, it is high time old Tennessee was up and doing. The breeders of Old Sumner and Williamson Counties, we are confident, will not be outdone by their contemporaries of Kentucky without a struggle.

Fine Target Shooting.

On the 30th ult., the First Company of *Union Riflemen*, of this city, commanded by Capt. **Samuel S. Parker**, made an excursion to Caldwell's Landing, for the purpose of practising with the rifle. The officers have done us the honor of sending the target to our office, where it will remain for a few days on exhibition. It confers the highest credit upon this beautiful corps and its officers, whose skill in the use of the rifle has never been demonstrated in a higher degree. A great number of gentlemen from different sections of the country, who have examined it here, came to the conclusion that if a whole company of N. York Riflemen can use the rifle with the degree of dexterity here displayed, the "Crack Shots of Gotham" must be unequalled.

The Target before us is sixteen inches in diameter, with a bulls' eye of three inches; the distance sixty yards. Of One Hundred and Eighty-five shots fired in all, One Hundred and Forty were lodged in the target, and *thirty-one* in the bulls' eye! A space of over four inches by one and a half, of the target *bordering on the bulls' eye*, is entirely cut away, and probably as many as forty shots pierced the target within an inch of the bulls' eye. When the facts are considered, that several members of the company are comparatively unskilled in the use of the rifle, that a large majority are comparatively out of practice, and that many of the rifles are not of the first order, it will be allowed, we think, that this target has rarely, if ever, been paralleled by any military corps in the Union.

The Target was made with new rifles from the manufactory of Mr. **Joseph Lewis**, of No. 13, Pell-street, in this city. They are a different article from anything of the kind we have seen, having a very handsome and useful weapon attached by a spring to the muzzle, which answers the double purpose of a bayonet or small sword. The rifles weigh about 14lbs. each, the barrels are 36 inches in length and carry 60 balls to the pound. They are stocked with black walnut and brass mounted, which detracts from their beauty, by the bye: German silver is much more durable and handsome, and plain blue steel is more tasteful and rich than either.

Messrs. M. & D. F. **Kenner**, of New Orleans, claim the name of "*The British Queen*" for their Imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle, by Ashton, nominated in the Sweepstakes to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, in Fall of '39, and Spring of 1840.

A Puff for our friend Porter.—A London newspaper, the Post, says that the N. Y. Spirit of the Times is conducted with more accuracy and ability than any of the English sporting journals.

N. O. Picayune.

Agricultural.—The Second Annual Fair of the *Miami Valley Agricultural Society*, will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of September next, at Brighton, one mile west of Cincinnati. The afternoon of each day will be devoted exclusively to the sale of Stock and any thing else designed for sale, that may be exhibited. From the complete success of, and large attendance at the last meeting, great competition is anticipated.

Editors and proprietors of papers publishing these proceedings are entitled to membership—all wishing to become members and friends of the cause are requested to do so.

Chas. S. Clakson, President.

Cincinnati, July 26, 1839.

Chas. Duffield, Secretary.

The Fall Campaign in Kentucky.

An intelligent correspondent, who has been travelling in Kentucky, writes us that the ensuing campaign promises to be the most brilliant and spirited ever known west of the Mountains. He subjoins a list of nineteen gentlemen who have stables in training, as follows:—

Sidney Burbridge has got Grey Eagle, Lorenzo, by Bertrand, four 3 yr. olds, Archie of Transports, a 3 yr. old by Woodpecker, and three 2 yr. olds by Rodolph.

Messrs. **Viley & Fenwick** have Queen Mary, Ralph, by Woodpecker, Mercer, Guy of Warwick, Mary Brennan, a full sister to Singleton, David Crockett, John Randolph, Woodpecker Jr., a full sister to Mary Brennan, and several others.

Messrs. **Buford, Bacon** & Co. (R. C. Wooding, trainer), have Musedora, Mary Morris, Bendigo, Minstrel, and upwards of twenty others.

Wm. McCargo, of Va., at Bardstown, has Billy Townes, Missouri, Duane, and four or five more.

James Shy has Occident, by Bertrand, Kavanagh, Ashland, by Medoc, Barbara, by Collier, and Robinson, by Medoc, 3 yrs. old.

W. T. Ward, of Greensburg, has Mary Vaughan, Waxetta, and a number of others.

Messrs. **Chas. Buford & Duke** (Mr. Budd, trainer) have Ripple, by Medoc, 3 yrs. old, Tallamon, full brother to Maria Duke, Leopardess, by Medoc, a full sister to Hawk Eye, and two 3 yr. olds.

Robt. Burbridge has Bob Ewing, by Woodpecker, Mary Serene, W. W. Southgate, and five or six others.

J. G. Boswell & Co, at Crab Orchard (Tisdale, trainer), have Hawk Eye, Hickory John, Jim Allen, a 3 yr. old by Medoc, out of the Duchess of Marlborough, also a 3 yr. old by Sir Leslie, out of the dam of Greydoc, and a host of others.

J. Morrison Pindell & Co. (David Palmer, trainer) have Morehead, by Medoc, 3 yrs. old, Kitchen, full sister to Rattlesnake, 4 yrs. old, Darnley, by John Richards, 3 yrs. old, a 8 yr. old by Bertrand, out of the dam of Tarlton, also a 5 yr. old by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Lauderdale, and eight or nine others.

Jas. S. Garrison, of La, at Newport, has got Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, Lubber, and two or three more.

Mr. **McCumpsey** has Esther Cooper, Sally Ward, full sister to Mary Vaughan, Occidenta, by Bertrand, and some eight or nine others.

Dr. **E. Warfield** has Celestion, Merrygold, Alice Carneal, by Imp. Sarpedon, and a filly by Sir Leslie, out of Mary Jones.

Col. **Wm. Buford**, and **Wm. Buford**, Jr., have each a stable, with some twenty or thirty in each.

Also **Lewis Sanders**, Jr, Maj. **Luckett**, R. P. **Snell**, Mr. **Kauntz**, and **Jas. Simpson**, have all got full stables.

All the horses entered in the great Louisville four mile Sweepstake are in training excepting Tarlton, and thousands are bet daily on the result. The betting, however, appears to be principally the Kentucky nags against the field, that is to say, Wagner, Billy Townes, and Picton. The friends of Hawk-eye though, are making a few bets on him against Grey Eagle, which are taken up pretty freely.

On a visit to Mr. **Sydney Burbridge**, I saw *Grey Eagle;* he is in superb condition; his color is an iron grey, and he has got a peculiar mark on the side of each shoulder in the shape of an eagle's wing; hence his name. He stands about sixteen hands high, is remarkably full of bone, and well shaped, has good substance, and is free from blemish. I have also seen *Occident*, who is in reality untried, and I am unable to gather an opinion of his merits; he is a very fine colt, and goes well. *Hawk-eye* is much admired by some very good judges. *Billy Townes* I hear is moving finely. *Queen Mary* is also training kindly and looking better than she has ever done. *Wagner* was doing well the last I heard of him. *Picton* is standing up to his work nobly. *Musedora's* friends are fearful that she will not stand training. *Mary Vaughan* I have not heard much about yet, but you know she is a Number 1 mare.

It is estimated that there are upwards of *Two hundred and fifty* horses in training in this State. Supposing that each nag costs merely $100, it makes $25,000 expended in training for a single campaign.

I wish you could contrive to be in Louisville during the races; every breeder and turfman is desirous to see you, and I am sure you would be amply repaid by the hospitality of the Kentuckians. Try if you cannot manage it some way or another.

Col. **Oliver** is enlarging the Jockey Club Stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, and making many other improvements.

Col. **Wm. Buford**'s sale of blood stock takes place next Wednesday. It is my intention to be in attendance, and if I am so fortunate I will send you a full account of the sales, &c.

Floyd P. Gerow is training a pretty smart string for the ensuing campaign at Limestone Springs, S. C., including Maj. **Gists**' *Almira* and *Thesbe*, and his two New Jersey 3 yr. olds, one of which is *Fifer*, a brother to Hornblower, and the other *Clarissa*, a sister to Clarion. Col. **Butler** has also a stable in training at this place, including *Big John*, *Ella*, (imported by Col. Hampton—by Emilius out of Ada,) and a very nice looking imported filly by Actæon.

Blood Stock gone to Texas.—While in Texas recently, Mr. C. C. S. **Farrar**, of St. Francisville, La., sold the following stock:—

To Capts. Jno. W. and Wm. S **Hall**, of Texas, a bay filly, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon—out of Black Sophia (Bee's-wing and Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant, for $2500.

To the same gentlemen, a brown filly, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder—g. dam by Stump-the-Dealer—g. g. dam by Imp. Dragon—g. g. g. dam by C. Christopher's Medley, for $2500—or $5000 for the two.

To Col. Wm. G. **Hill**, of Texas, a chesnut filly, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Eagle—g. dam by Oronooko—g. g. dam an imported mare.

Also, to the same gentleman, *Montcalm*, b. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Maria Louisa by Imp. Bagdad—g. dam Old Kate Brown by Imp. ch. Diomede—g. g. dam an imported mare got in England by Old Diomede, $6000 for the two.

Commodore **Ridgeley**'s Barefoot colt, *Admiral*, out of Highland Mary, own sister to Medoc, now owned in Illinois, has had *eighty* in his harem this season at Wm. H. Hartley's stable, near Paris, in that state. The "Franklin Farmer" informs us that the thorough-bred bull, *Ziba*, by Sultan, dam Kentuckiana by Denton, is at the same place. Ziba left, among his progeny, some of the most superior animals in Kentucky; and we have a strong confidence that he will make his mark in Illinois, by greatly improving the stock there.

Huntingdon (U. C.) Races, will commence on Somerville's Course, on the 13th of next month. The following gentlemen have been elected Officers of the Club:—

President, Lieut. Col. **Campbell**; *Stewards*, Lieut. Col. Brown, Major Gardner, Captain Davidson, Capt. Steele, Capt. M. Fee, Thos. Tower, Esq. Wm. Bowron, Esq., John Somerville, Esq., S. Y. Chesly, Esq., John M'Donald, Esq., Dr. Phillips; R. C. Somerville, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Another Course in Virginia.—A new Jockey Club has just been organized at the Salt Sulphur Springs, Va., and we are informed by the Secretary that the first meeting will commence on the 27th instant. About twenty racers are expected.

Sweepstakes for Row Boats.—A sweepstakes has been opened by the crew of the *Shakspeare*, free for all four oared boats, now built, in the United States, thirty feet long, with four oars, $250 entrance, fifty dollars forfeit, to come off on the 28th inst., at Bradley's Brook Hall Mansion, distance 5 miles. This Sweepstake to remain open till 22d inst., when the balance of the money is to be put up—each boat to select a judge. The forfeit of the Shakspeare is put up at John Martlands, 201 Washington street, N. Y., where all crews wishing to enter, will please apply.

Sporting at New Orleans.—The "Picayune" relates the following anecdote:—

During the dull and tedious months of summer here, our citizens are often at a loss how to pass the time agreeably. Some take their daily rides on one or the other of the rail-roads or shell-roads. Others take their fishing rods and wend to the Lake, or some of the neighboring bayous, and generally return home with baskets as empty as St. Peter's, after he had "toiled all night and caught no fish." Others again are fond of shooting, and will wade swamps and marshy fields for hours and hours in search of *gros becs*, rice birds and other small game; and think themselves well rewarded for their trouble if they chance to bring down a poor, blinking hoot-owl, or a blackbird or two. There are others likewise who are particularly partial to sporting, but do not like the trouble attending it, or the exposure to a hot summer's sun. Of such is one of our neighbors. He sits all day at the back door of his shop with his double-barrelled "Joe Manton" across his knees, *and shoots rats in his own yard.* He bagged exactly thirty-two last week. But he takes an advantage of the "varmints" that no true sportsman would—HE BAITS THEM; and while they are feeding in conscious security within two rods of him, he takes a deliberate and deadly aim at them, with the door-jamp for a rest, and thus easily brings down, or rather keels them over. Fye, for shame, neighbor! no true sportsman would take such 'vantage of his game. We advise you to take them on the wing after this—it will then be all fair, and also a good practice for you against the time for snipe-shooting next fall.

Sumner's Reply to Franklin's Challenge.

In this paper of the 3d instant we published, by request, a challenge by the owners of *Franklin*, dated Fayette, Illinois, to the owners of *Duke Sumner*, at Boonslick, Missouri. We now subjoin the substance of the latter's reply:—

To T. W. **Patton**: *Sir*,—A few days previous to the appearance of your challenge, in the last "Democrat," Mr. Cooper had started on a visit to the southern part of the State; consequently, has not seen your proposition, and cannot make that reply which you solicit; but, sir, being the half owner of *Duke Sumner*, and having a perfect knowledge of Mr. Cooper's opinion in regard to a second race with *Franklin*, I feel authorized to make that reply which you request of him. In the first place, we will engage in no race against the *reported* time of any horse; being entirely satisfied to beat the performers of "crack" time, particularly when pronounced by all judges (owners included) to be in "tip top" condition; and their judgment backed by offering to bet largely on their success, and when, in reality, taking the track into consideration, they make their best runs; as it is admitted by those who have tried both, that ours is from three to five seconds heavier in the mile than the St. Louis track, where this "crack" time was made.

We are not disposed to close a match, to be run near twelve months hence, for two thousand dollars, which would take the horse from his stable, where, we think, after having proven the victor of seven or eight fields in two seasons, against the best nags of the country, with other recommendations, he should *book* nearly the amount you propose to stake, without incurring the shadow of a risk. And lest it might have the appearance of *brag*, we will here observe (if it should be said you are willing to increase the bet), that we are not prepared to hazard such an amount as would justify us in throwing away the profits of a season. Your proposition to leave our course for a distant one does not suit our wishes. We are not disposed to make war upon the best interests and wishes of the people of our town for the sake of gratifying individual prejudices, and filling the pockets of those who have no interest in common with us, when we are satisfied that no community can be found more ready and willing to award equal justice to all parties than ours.

I have now given you our objections to a match against that "Bosting" of race horses—TIME, which is never out of order; never pays forfeit, falls down, or flies the track; also our objections to a match in the Spring, and an abandonment of our own course; but, sir, we are gratified in the close of the "history" to afford you comfort to the tune of two or three thousand dollars. Duke Sumner will, in the Fall, be disengaged, and ready to attend to any call which may be made on him by his old friend Franklin. If you *really* are not satisfied, and wish another "turn," we most respectfully solicit your patronage.

Boonslick, Mo., June 26, 1839. Respectfully, D. **Kunkle**.

THE TURF IN LOUISIANA AND TEXAS.

St. Francisville, La. July 29, 1838.

Wm. T. Porter:—*Sir*—I have just returned from the "land of promise" and prairies, "flowing with milk" and butter

——"the land of the cypress and myrtle—the cedar and vine
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull in her bloom—
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye"—

Anglice, I have just returned from *Texas*, whither I have been absent for the last six months or more; and so near, in my opinion, was the vision of the poet being there realised, that I felt an irrepressible longing to become a dweller in that "clime of the *West*, that land of the sun;" and so, *presto*, I purchased a beautiful plantation, "with all appliances to boot," and am "in course" henceforth a denizen of the *New* Republic; without, however, ceasing to be a citizen of the "*old 'un*"—no, I can never give up my own dear native land.—*Note Bene.* What a sin and a shame it was that that beautiful country was not received into the U. S.!—Uncle Sam deserves to be eternally d——d for such an act of stupidity.

While there, other affairs besides my own occupied no inconsiderable portion of my attention. The interests of the Turf were by no means neglected; and I flatter myself, not a little advanced. Very soon I hope to see the "Spirit of the Times" circulate as freely in that country, as the spirit of racing is already current there. Indeed, this last amounts to almost a positive mania. The whole community, from the highest functionary to the humblest individual, seems to be thoroughly imbued with it, and lacks but a sprinkling of *your* divine "Spirit" to stir them up to the right thing. When I shall become better acquainted with the people, you may rely upon my "influence" to extend the circle of *your* acquaintance thereabouts. A few numbers of your excellent paper ("old style") which I had taken with me, were borrowed, and read by the "natives" with so much gusto, that they were literally thumbed into "thread-paper" and "dogs'-ears"—this I take to be a good "premonitory symptom." Indeed, you may confidently look forward to the time, and that not far distant, when the gallant and chivalrous Texians will become the most staunch patrons, and ablest supporters, of the interests of the Turf and "Spirit of the Times"—for you know, the two are so completely identified that there is no such thing as separating them.

Of all the regions on the top of this earth, that, to my notion, is *the* regions *par excellence*, of the **Horse**. His own native sandy plains, and scorching sun, of "Araby the blessed" are not more propitious to his nature, and to the full development of his powers, than are the luxuriant savannas, the warm and genial climate, and the burning sunshine, of that modern El Dorado realised. There too the excessive heat of an almost tropical sun is tempered by a rapid and unceasing breeze as soft and balmy as was e'er wafted "o'er the gardens of Gull in her bloom," or any where else; and the atmosphere possesses a dryness and an invigorating quality that is unknown to any Southern latitude in the United States. We know that the Arabian horse in his own country, amidst a sandy parching desert, and beneath a degree of heat insupportably oppressive to a human being, attains the greatest perfection of which he is susceptible, with little or no supervenient aid from man. If, therefore, this unparalleled dryness of atmosphere and intensity of heat are so essential to the perfect physiological development of this noble animal, must not the freezing wintry blasts, humid atmosphere, and chilling vapors of England and this country operate in an inverse ratio to his deterioration? There can be little doubt, if the genuine horse were transported from the sandy deserts of Arabia to the grassy prairies of Texas, that he would preserve undiminished that power and spirit of persevering endurance, and that peculiar elasticity and wiryness of form and action, for which he is said to be so remarkable in his native regions. And when, to these natural advantages, are superadded our system of grooming and training, he would as doubtless acquire a height and length of stride at least equal if not superior to the English racer.

A frosty air is as injurious to the thorough-bred horse, particularly to his lungs, as to vegetable vitality or to animal vitality in any other shape: on the other hand, a greater quantity of heat than man and many other animals are at all capable of enduring, is indispensable to his well-being. No labor or expense is spared at the North to obtain for their nags that necessary degree of heat which their climate has denied them. But all artificial means employed for this purpose must fall very far short of that which is imparted by the "life-giving" rays of a brilliant Southern sun. It is, therefore, apparent that the very heat of the climate of Louisiana, which has been, absurdly enough, thought to be ungenial to the nature and constitution of the horse, is his greatest friend. It has ever been to me matter of surprise, why gentlemen here in the South, who seem devoted to the amusements of the Turf, rather than keep their brood mares at home, should prefer to leave them in Tennessee and Kentucky, at an enormous expense, and where they are liable to, and do actually experience, all kinds of impositions. It cannot be that they wish to avoid the labor and trouble of the thing. One would suppose that the pleasure derivable from rearing and contemplating day after day, a lot of embryo racers; from calculating their chances, and anticipating their future conquests, is at least equal to that afforded by the excitement of the race course. The want of sufficiently good stallions has hitherto been an obstacle to any thing of the kind in Louisiana. And this fact again furnishes fresh matter for surprise—but *n'importe*, I suppose it is all a natural course of things, and therefore right, or if wrong will work out its own cure in time. I have an abiding faith in the all-sufficient efficacy of *Time*. It has already done much, within the last very few years, to remove our difficulties on the score of stallions.

We have now *Josh Bell* in Feliciana—for I presume, since his late unfortunate mishap, he will be put to the more agreeable service of *getting* racers instead of beating them. Josh Bell, *par parenthese, was* a four miler, maugre all that has been said to the contrary. He won two four mile races in his three year old form, making good time, and nothing in the South, save *Wagner*, could approach him at any distance; and he had greatly the heels of that celebrated crack. Josh, however, was far from being a dead game, or a hard-bottomed horse. Speed was his *forte*—it was upon that he mainly relied—and it was his tremendous burst of speed, and a tolerable share of bottom, that rendered him a dangerous competitor at all distances, and for any thing. But if ever he was caught, he was beat; the horse that could reach him and live with him a quarter of a mile, in a fair "do or die" brush, would be certain to shew him his heels the rest of the way, for like the little pig

"that lived in clover,
When he died, he died all over."

His owners, however, from all they knew of the horse, were fully justified in placing him as they did, though the result proved most disastrous. But he is now enjoying his "otium cum dignitate," and I hope he may do as much for his country as he has done for himself.

We have also, on Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, *Dick Chinn*, a noble son of a noble sire—he was, while on the turf, Old Sumpter *Redivivus*. There is *Lauderdale*, in East Baton Rouge; and imported *Jordan*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at Plaquemine. All "good 'uns" as far as they go. But alas! they go not far enough. We want a Priam, a Glencoe, or a Leviathan, to give the spirit of breeding in Louisiana that impetus which it requires. Such a horse as Harkaway, Don John, Bay Middleton, or the great Plenipo, would be worth to Louisiana more than all the stallions in the State put together, and scores more of the same calibre added to the number. Harkaway or Plenipo would be a brilliant speculation at any price; and either of them, if here, would soon place Louisiana on a par with any State in the Union for her breeding establishments. With the exception of Priam, there is no imported horse in America at all comparable with either of these cracks, or that deserves to be mentioned on the same page with them as to brilliant performances on the turf, or for high reputation at home. I would rejoice if I could excite my fellow citizens to some such enterprise. But so long as the *amateur* sportsmen of Louisiana have money enough to buy Kentucky prodigies—horses that make time over the "Oakland" that they can make no where else—we may despair of any undertaking of the kind. Their misfortune is *too much* money. They have more money than enterprise or discretion in the use of it. If they had less of the former and more of the latter, we might hope to see Louisiana rendered independent of Tennessee and Kentucky, and her citizens placed beyond the reach of the skin-flints of those states, who prey upon them like so many sharks. As Sterne says of France, so we will "order this matter better in" Texas. The isolated situation of that country—the further distance horses will be obliged to travel—the enormous expense, labor, and risk attending their transportation—the mortality that awaits them there, a mortality incidental to all emigrant horses, producing what is termed "Spanish fever," that proves fatal to great numbers—all these things must operate as a positive prohibition to any thing like a regular trade in horse-flesh between the horse-breeding states of the Union and that thriving little Republic. But still Texas must have horses, and as she cannot be supplied from abroad, she must of necessity raise them at home. The *materiel*, however, for this purpose, must be got from the United States, or wherever else they are to be had on the best terms, just as the people of the United States have from time to time imported their stock from England.

Nature has peculiarly fashioned Texas for a grazing and breeding country, as indeed for every thing that should belong to a mighty and favored nation. Her farmers and planters live entirely within themselves; supplying all their own wants, without expending a dollar for the necessaries of life. Their lands, the most fertile on the face of the globe, and from their peculiar nature and position utterly inexhaustible, will produce the greatest amount of corn, fodder, oats, rye, wheat, and all description of small grain, with the least possible labor or risk; not to mention pumpkins, peas, beans, turnips, potatoes, and all kinds of esculent vegetables, many of which are almost spontaneous productions of the earth, and occasionally require some little pains to be gotten rid of. Their pastures are natural savannas, abounding with the finest grasses in the world, which cover four fifths of the whole country: in this particular feature nature has done as much for Texas as man can ever do for any other country. Their cattle and hogs, either for numbers, size, or quality, surpass any thing I ever saw. Their wooded lands abound with pecan trees that yield a much richer quality, and by far a more certain crop, of mast, than the oak mast of the United States. One half the country is a perfect plain or champaign, offering the most extraordinary facilities for travelling, or for the construction of rail roads with less than a fourth of the labor and expense attending similar works in any other country. This plain, or lower district, is fringed with more than 300 miles of coast, and is ventilated by a pure invigorating sea breeze, that comes over an elevated sand-beach and boundless prairies, without the presence of swamps or any thing inducing to an undue degree of vegetable decomposition, and therefore uncontaminated with any of those miasmata that usually prove so destructive to the inhabitants of other southern latitudes. Indeed, salubrity is a main staple of the country. Contiguous is a higher region, abounding with rocks, health, and picturesque beauty, ascending away to the north into the most majestic mountains. In this latter region a thousand springs of limpid water burst forth at your feet with every step you take. Minerals of all kinds, stone coal, salt lakes, etc, are found every where in the greatest abundance. The production of cotton and sugar in Texas will soon equal the production of the same articles in the United States; and coffee, and even spices, and all the different tropical fruits may be cultivated there with the utmost success. In short, the *tout ensemble* is a complete *tableau*, brought within the smallest and most available limits, of all things appertaining to a great and independent nation. In extent of territory, Texas is as near as can be the size of Great Britain; and like her, will enjoy the advantages of that concentration her compact limits are so well calculated to afford.

The system of racing in England is considered to be as near perfect as a thing of the kind can well be made. The people of the United States have vainly endeavored to emulate or even to imitate them in this business; but the geographical difficulties to such an undertaking in this country can never be surmounted, and all efforts for that purpose will only result in the most signal failures. The former has four great national stakes, besides innumerable minor ones, that are perpetuated from year to year, and so arranged as to keep the racing world on both sides of the Atlantic in a continual ferment. The Riddlesworth, the Derby and Oaks, are run every Spring, the first at Newmarket, the two latter at Epsom, about 75 miles south of the former place, and the great St. Leger comes off every Autumn at Doncaster, about 100 miles to the North, with a zest and excitement unknown to this or any other country. These are permanent events, and in point of certainty and regularity, are like the fixed stars of Heaven; and, like them too, have their attendant minor luminaries in the shape of Cups, Plates, 25 sovs., 50 sovs., and 100 gs. Stakes. Such annual stakes as these, though utterly impracticable in the United States, will be quite attainable in Texas, where the distances from one race course to another are not even so great as in England, and there too the caravan may be employed with equal success.

Three Jockey Clubs are already organised in this infant Republic—a fourth is *en route*, and will be in successful operation the ensuing winter on Galveston Island—a fifth is contemplated, and will doubtless be accomplished this fall, at Washington, and another at Columbia. The new Seat of Government will also, of course, have its Jockey Club, as well as every other town of importance in the Republic. The three already in existence give as large purses as any in the United States, save and except those at New Orleans, and their meetings are conducted with a degree of propriety that augurs much for their future prosperity.

I purpose to start again in a few weeks for this country of my "*adopseon*" as Celeste would say, and should I meet with any thing worthy your notice, I shall take pleasure in communicating it.

Very respectfully, &c. A LOUISIANIAN.

SUBTERRANEAN NEWS,

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, FROM J. CYPRESS, JUN.

Tartarus, Charon, Fanny Wright & Co.

Dear Editor,—I was reading the fifth book of the Æneid one afternoon last week, after dining magnificently upon roast pig and green peas, when, almost imperceptibly, and with a sensation of gradual, languid, pleasant metamorphosis, I was, in the body, taken out of the body, and transported to the unmonopolized public lands of poetry and classic story. Animal magnetism carried me over the track we flew. Cumœa received me, ambitious pilgrim, seeking safe convoy and a passport for travel through the interesting regions that own Pluto for their King. I stood upon the margin of the sacred grove, where grows the golden tree, whose branches are at once the protection-papers and the pilot of the specially favored living, to the country of ghosts and infernal gods. Mighty enterprize, glorious riches of glowing incidents! What subterranean treasures shall I glorify to the wondering upper air, if ever I get back! "Pencillings by the way"—"Crayon sketches"—Trolloping "inklings" of a jaunt through Tartarus during the year 1839! Shade of Æneas, help me to break through these cat-briars and blackberry bushes, that guard the entrance to the sacred tree!

With this invocation I pressed boldly into the penetralia of the wood. I readily discovered the individual who keeps watch over the aureal vegetable, and expressed to her my desire to go to Hell. My request was received with courtesy, and the trusty watch-woman accompanied her acknowledgement of my right to prosecute the jaunt by breaking off and putting into my hand a sister branch of the bough which marshalled the pious son of Anchises, some thousand years ago. I felt the god running through my veins as I touched the scion of the tree of knowledge and power.

"I presume, sir, I need not shew you the way," said the civil sybil, "you New Yorkers are generally familiar with the road; but if you should miss your track, the rod will direct you. Follow the rod. The gold will keep you straight."

I touched my hat to the old lady in acknowledgement of the complimentary observation which she was pleased to express touching my fellow-citizens, and bidding her good day, turned to commence my journey.

Immediately the under brush and matted trees fell apart, disclosing a broad avenue of spiral green sward running down into the earth, at about an angle of thirty-two and a half degrees. Down this declivity I walked, or rather was whirred by a vehement power of centripetal locomotion, which soon brought me to the boundary of the dusky empire. High—higher than sight; far—farther than thought, stretched the everlasting walls. Gloomily and fearfully the grand portal frowned before me. The gates were swung wide open, but old Cerberus was wide awake, and his three heads were busily occupied in fighting a family quarrel in reference to a bone which each appeared desirous to appropriate.

The moment he noticed me he saluted me with an ululatory recognition, which made me somewhat doubt the sufficiency of my nerves for the journey I had undertaken. I trembled more especially, because in the hurry of my setting out I had neglected to bring with me the customary *viaticum* to grease and bribe his jaws. Moreover, one does not like to strike a gentleman's dog, particularly when he is on a visit to him, and unless the brute exhibits decided symptoms of hydrophobia. But the impetus of my progress was such that there was no time for adjustment of the difficulty. "I must settle this business with Pluto," said I to myself. Then I took courage and thought of Hercules, who dragged the cur to earth and back again; and raising my metal, no lightly-loaded weapon, I got in readiness—a blow at the rushing whelp, which, if it had been discharged in the proper direction, would have probably made him a constellation alongside of his brother Sirius. But oh! wonder-working gold! the moment that the treasure glittered in his eyes, the three-mouthed coward fawned and grovelled at my feet, kissing the yellow rod, like a skinner before a money-lender at ¼ before three.

"Charge! good dog," said I, patting his heads successively, to make sure of his good opinion when I should return; and under these established terms of friendship, we separated. I soon arrived at the east bank of the Styx, where I found innumerable ghosts, walking up and down, and waiting their turn to cross. The throng at this landing-place reminded me of the congregation at the Brooklyn ferry on a race day; only the people were all on foot. My magic passport gained me an easy opening through the multitude, most of whom seemed to be Ethiopians and low Irish. Those who held themselves more respectable stood back at a distance from the river, and a few groups that I particularly noticed appeared by their gestures, and the occasional emphatic words which struck my ear, to be discussing some question about the monopoly of the ferry. The doctrine of equal rights, however, was faithfully regarded. No exclusive facilities for entering into the kingdom were allowed. Every candidate was duly billeted the moment he arrived by the constables of the vestibule, and each took turn according to the number of his ticket, without any enquiry made as to property, citizenship, or naturalization; all that was required was the paying for the ferriage. When I arrived at the brink of the sluggish stream, the ferryman had just put out with a cargo of small children. But on the instant he caught a glimpse of the golden rod, he returned and hurried out his passengers with fierce precipitation, forgetting, in his haste, to pay back the ferriage he had received.

"Step in, step in, step in. Welcome to Erebus. Don't see flesh and blood every day. Give us your fist. Where do you hail from? Allow me to inhale once again the fragrance of that——Snuff, snuff—my soul! Over! Ov—a—re—no, I beg your pardon, sir. You shall not be annoyed with any of the greasy ghosts. A mere slip of the tongue—my calling. I'll row you over alone with pleasure."

I gave the hand of the veteran mariner a hearty grasp, and at his beckoning took a seat in the stern-sheets, and off he put.

We had hardly got six yards from the bank, when a familiar voice, a little way down the stream, assailed my ears with a loud hilloa. I turned at the cry, and to my utter astonishment, saw my old friend Jack Furnace, who had sailed only ten days before for Liverpool, in perfect health, swinging his hands above his head, and shouting.

"Mercy! protect us!" cried I. "Jack, is that you? Charon, my dear boy, shove back and take him in."

"That's contrary to law," replied the old gentleman. "Don't you see his ticket is numbered 11,251,956? There's a whole army to cross before he can tread my plank."

"You will most particularly oblige me, my esteemed friend, if you will, in this single instance, suspend the operation of the provisions of your charter. That gentleman, whose demise I am thus suddenly called on to deplore, owes me a very convenient thousand on the result of a discussion at brag, a fortnight since, and I should be happy to get his order upon his executors or administrators, to pay the amount to me out of his assets. Poor Jack! What could have killed him? Indeed, dear Charon, you must take him in. Allow me to present to you this twig off my bough, as a trifling token of my regard for your friendship, and the firmness of your adherence to the established usages of your boat."

"Dont mention this on the other side," said the old man, thrusting the argument into his pantaloons' pocket, with some rapidity; at the same time bending and pretending to fix a thole-pin and backing water. "Old Minos would have me indicted, if he were to find out that in a single case bribery and corruption had made me lose sight of the equal rights of the ghosts. I should certainly be turned out of office."

Jack jumped in about mid-ship, and, ghost as he was, nearly swamped the rickety craft with his irregular weight. He was fat, puffed, and, strange for a shade, red-faced, and worse and worse, was evidently inebriated. His marvellous appearance excited very natural enquiry. His story was soon told. He and the captain, crew, and passengers of the vessel he had sailed in, had just got down from the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. On the tenth day out, at 4 A.M, sea time, they ran upon a mountain of ice floating under water, and in five minutes after, in a brisk flaw, foundered and went to the bottom. Jack was at his wine at the time, when he was quite as unpleasantly as unexpectedly called upon to change his liquor. Jack's inclination always did use to be in favor of drinking many bumpers, rather than to submit to a single glass of brine. I could not, therefore, help saying to him, that it must have been rather mortifying to be subjected to the punishment imposed upon people who want to keep sober, while he was giving unchallengable evidence of his determination to get drunk. My suggestion did not seem to find favor with my (now) fellow-passenger, and former fellow-sinner.

"No *post mortem* reflections, Jerry," said Jack, mournfully; "you're not Coroner:—it's a bad business—bad—bad. I'm very penitent. Cut off in my prime—no notice to quit—unhouselled—unanointed!—What killed you, my boy?"

"I'm not dead, Jack; I'm on a voyage of discovery—playing Orpheus. Though I don't mean to pick up a wife here. By the bye—do you remember that thousand? Can't you give me an order on your Executors?"

"No money, Jerry—no money. Bursted. I'll give you a deed, when we get across, for my New Brighton speculation, and my City Lots in Kimakewahamaya. Have you got such a thing as an obolus about you, to pay this old cock? what's that? Gold! by Jove! I hav'nt seen such a piece of bullion for——" And here my dear friend sprang up and dashed at my magic branch.

"Sit down—sit down—you'll upset us—you'll be overboard;" cried our oarsman. But the caution came too late. Our whiffling skiff shivered quick from larboard to starboard, dipping her gunnels into the water, and Jack lost his feet, and then there was a splash, and the waters of the Styx closed over the head of my unfortunate debtor.

"There he goes. Sarved him right. Just as I expected," remarked the philosophic boatman, as he kept pulling on.

"Stop! stop! Charon, back water! the man will be drowned!"

"Drowned, will he? He was drowned this morning. That's three kinds of liquor he's been in to-day;" and the grim ferryman grinned.

"But he has'nt secured my debt. What will become of him?"

"Go to the bottom, to be sure Here's where I generally lose such fellows. Just half way from shore. Call it 'half seas over hole.' Grand place for eels."

"But my venerable Remex, consider my deep interest in his fate. Consider my thousand dollars. Can't you get him up? How deep is it?"

"Never went down to see. Don't fret. He can't exundise for as many years as he owes you dollars. When the time comes, he'll float ashore t'other side, and take his trial with the ghosts of people who have never been buried. Don't you know it's the law that people that an't buried can't cross the Styx for a thousand years?"

I remembered the statute as quoted by divers of the poets, and yielded to the necessity of its requisitions.

Seeing me melancholy, the old man lit up a good natured smile. "Come, cheer up," said he, "cheer up. What's the news on Earth? How do parties get on in America? Glorious country that!—in danger though—terrible danger! Italian Opera—loco focoism—gambling in stocks—Animal Magnetism—French legs—Irish heads—Maine mill-sites—Oregon building lots—phrenology—banks—brokers—twig that snapping turtle! What are your politics?"

"Mine, Sir? I am a federal democratic whig republican, of the Loco Foco genus, conservative species, whole hog in the abstract, and always ready to sacrifice personal opinion to the judicious principles of public policy, rightly understood in reference to the individual interests of the citizen. Those are my sentiments, my friend. Permit me to enquire the state of parties in Hell. Do the Whigs or Democrats rule the roast? Excuse the joke; but that puts me in mind to enquire about the firemen. How does that department vote?"

"O, we have no people to put out fire here. We won't admit them. They're so uncertain. But we've had our own time of it, nevertheless. Pluto has had his hands full. Listen. First up gets a company of speculator ghosts, with not an obolus among them the whole lot of them, and whose turn to cross had'nt come yet, and presents a petition to the throne, for an act of incorporation under the title of "The Salamander Styx Bridge, and Acheron Death and Trust Railroad Company," with banking privileges. As this was got up merely to raise the price of building lots near Colonel Tantalus' pond, which they had bought of Colonel Ixion at a high price with their promissory notes, all the loafer ghosts that had sixpence cash in their pockets, consulted and kicked. Free Trade and Sinners' Rights Associations were formed in every part of Tartarus. A special committee was sent up-stairs for Fanny Wright. They contrived to get off unobserved, and the first thing we knew, down came the man giantess. The way she walked over the sulphur was a caution. She throttled Cerberus, and almost choked him with a copy of the "Emancipator," and strode on to the ferry. Seeing me half way across, she dashed into the river, and came after me like a shark—upset the boat—tumbled me and six old women and a young Baptist minister, overboard, mounted the skiff, and sculled herself ashore. Soon as she landed, she stole away my boat-hook, stuck upon its top her handkerchief, upon which was stamped in indelible red ink, the motto "Equal Rights and Free Ferries—now and forever, one and inseparable." The ghosts turned pale, Acheron boiled, Tartarus trembled. Pluto came out, and took off his hat, mistaking her for Minerva, on a spree. Yielding to the divine *afflatus* which possessed her, he followed her into a convenient *spelunca*, and gave her audience. Here she raised the watchword cry of "Reform," and demanded that he should abandon his Pagan notion of devotion to a single wife, and that she should be made queen of Hell, No. 2. Aschalaphus standing by, ran off on hearing the negotiation, and told Proserpine. Then there was the Devil to pay. Pros. started, in a rage, and brought out the Fates and Furies, and rushed to the rescue of monogamy. Did you ever see women fight? Snakes! such a row! The people in Elysium heard it, and came rushing in. Socrates, and Adam Smith, Pluto, and Malthus flew to the rescue, with cries of "turn her out! turn her out!" "Order! Order!" sung out Pluto; but no more order could be had than on the last night of a session of Congress when Wise is speaking. Puff—puff—it's hot."

"Well; how did you finally succeed in getting her out?"

"I can't say, my dear boy. Her ascent was as mysterious as her advent. Both immense. Some think she's here yet."

I am interrupted, my dear Editor. If you don't hear from below before, I will tell you the rest of the adventure, next time I write. Please consider this letter private.

Yours truly, J. C, Jr.

ENGLISH COLONIAL EMANCIPATION.

The West Indies, with respect to that vital point of Colonial prosperity—a *constant supply of agricultural laborers*—stand in a very peculiar situation; and the magnitude of the injustice which they have experienced from the legislation of the parent state cannot be appreciated, unless the singular circumstances of their situation in that respect is taken into consideration. Devoted chiefly to the cultivation of an article of rude produce, which can be reared only in a tropical climate, and yet has become an article of necessity to most European nations, they cannot carry on its cultivation but by means of negro laborers, or others equally habituated with them to bear a tropical sun. Experience long ago proved, what recent attempts have still more clearly substantiated, that the European race is, generally speaking,* incapable of laboring in the fields in the West Indies, and that field hoeing of the canes, without which no crop of sugar could be reared, speedily proves fatal to the descendants of Japhet. Among all the varied expedients which the necessities of their situation have compelled the West India proprietors of late years to adopt, in order to supply the vacuum occasioned by the measure of negro emancipation, the obvious expedient of supplying their place by the redundant population of Ireland has never been thought of; because everybody practically acquainted with the subject knew, that their transportation would be merely lost money; and that the yellow fever and marsh miasmata would speedily consign even the most robust of them to an untimely grave.

It is historically known, and matter of common notoriety, how the *desideratum* of finding laborers capable of cultivating sugar in the West Indies, and producing the immense addition which it was capable of affording to the national wealth, was supplied. Negro slaves were, under the authority of various royal proclamations and acts of parliament, imported from Africa into the West India islands; and to such a length was this traffic carried, that not only did it for a long time occupy a considerable part of the British commercial navy, but it at length transferred above seven hundred thousand Africans to the opposite side of the Atlantic. There is hardly to be found another example in the whole history of the species of so considerable a removal, without the aid of increase in the new settlements, of the human race from one part of the world to another.

Enormous as are the evils—heart-rending the sufferings—of slavery, when consequent upon the removal of mankind from their native seats, and the subjection of the blacks, for the purposes of profit, to the *temporary* rule of white task-masters, there was one circumstance in the condition of the negro race, when the hideous transposition was accomplished, of inestimable importance, which promised in the end to deprive slavery of its bitterest pangs, and rear up in the British West India Islands a happy, industrious, and contented people. This was—they had become STATIONARY. The pangs of separation from kindred and home were over; the horrors of the middle passage were past; they had become permanently located on fixed estates; they had acquired homes, and all the endearments and enjoyments of domestic existence. Experience has abundantly proved that the negro race is capable, not only of maintaining its own numbers, but of rapidly augmenting, on the opposite side of the Atlantic: for the American slaves, it is well known, increase faster than the European inhabitants in the southern provinces of the Union; and one of the great dangers which threatens the transatlantic republic is the fearful disproportion, which is every day augmenting, between the sable laboring, and the fair-haired dominant race. When the British Government, therefore, in 1807, adopted the humane, and at the same time judicious step of putting a peremptory stop to the slave trade, they necessarily rendered the safety and welfare of the negro race an object of solicitude to the white proprietors; because the cultivation of their estates could not be maintained but by their propagation; and their numbers could not increase but under the influence of marriage, home, and domestic comfort. The promiscuous concubinage and disorderly manners consequent on their first settlement, necessarily gave way before the wants and necessities of the masters, not less than the native feelings of the slaves; and slavery became, what it has ever been in other parts of the world—the necessary state between savage manners and civilized industry: the transition state necessarily enduring several centuries, during which the working classes, the property of their superiors, are indebted to them for the protection and subsistence which they could never otherwise obtain; and the habits are slowly acquired, through successive generations, necessary to enable man at length to bear generally the destitution, the excitement, and the power of freedom. So irksome is constant labor to uncivilized man—so repugnant is severe toil to the savage, in all ages, climates, and countries—that it never has been overcome in any part of the world but by the introduction and long continuance of slavery; and when the easy supply of animal wants by the chase, or the spontaneous fruit of the earth, is exhausted, the human race would everywhere perish or become stationary, if, before the moral chains of artificial wants were thrown around civilized, the physical restrictions of servitude were removed from savage, man.

Under the influence of these causes, the stoppage of that hideous blot on Christian civilization, the slave trade, did all that was necessary to secure the ultimate prosperity of the negro race in the West Indies, by identifying their preservation and increase with their masters' interests, by giving them the same ever-powerful motives to protect them which they have to preserve their cattle or houses, and converting the very desire of gain, the mainspring of the original frightful traffic, into the certain bulwark of their ultimate welfare. Under the influence of these causes, the African race not only maintained their own numbers in the West India Islands, but were advancing, before the disastrous era of their emancipation, with rapid strides in the career of industry, comfort, and usefulness. It is well known that in opulence and well-being they were, in general, superior to any peasantry in Europe. Dwelling in cottages which, by a prescriptive usage, had become in a manner their own; surrounded by their gardens, their fruits, their children, they exhibited, generally speaking, a spectacle rarely witnessed in this world of care, and to which the eye of the philanthropist might turn with pleasure even from the brightest scenes of European civilization. Doubtless to this pleasing scene there were some exceptions; doubtless the lash was a dangerous implement to trust in the hand of hard-hearted Christians; doubtless the character of the master in a great degree affected the prosperity of his subjects, and the cruel and the unfeeling had ample means of wreaking their vengeance on a helpless race. But these instances were the exception, not the rule. In the great majority of cases, the negroes on the estates were in such easy and affluent circumstances, as to be hardly credible but on the most uniform and concurring testimony. They had generally two days a-week, besides Sunday, during which they were at liberty to work in their gardens, or at wages on their own account; and so prolific were the powers of nature in that benignant climate, and such the reward of industry and good conduct, that after being provided, themselves and their families, better than any peasantry in Europe, they could lay by with ease *thirty pounds* a-year. Their cottages were generally comfortable, often elegant; artificial wants, civilized vanities were making rapid progress amongst them; and the cheering spectacle of forty thousand negroes in Jamaica alone, who had worked out or obtained their own freedom, and were prosecuting with respectability and success the paths of honest industry, proved that the sable race was capable, in the end, of bearing emancipation; and that, by permitting time to work out the great social change from bondage to freedom, with its usual slow pace and unerring wisdom, it might be effected, as in modern Europe, in so gradual a manner as to render it impossible to say when the one ceased and the other began.

In these circumstances, the course which a wise and paternal government, in justice alike to the negroes, the planters, and the empire, should have done was clearly this. They should have lowered to a very moderate amount the duties on colonial produce, considering the sugar of Jamaica as just as much a part of the domestic produce of the empire as the wheat of Middlesex; they should have cautiously abstained from everything calculated to excite the negro population, or precipitate or endanger the vast change from servitude to independence, and limited themselves to such moderate measures as were calculated to improve the comfort of the slave, and ensure to him the blessings of marriage, home, and the acquisition of property. Provision might have been made for every slave being entitled to purchase his freedom from his master, as soon as he had amassed his own value, which at the current price of from sixty to eighty pounds, might have been generally done by industrious men in three years, and that all should have two days in the week to work for themselves. In this way, those only would have been liberated from the restraints of servitude who had afforded a convincing proof that they had acquired those of civilization; full justice would have been done to the planters by the receipt, in every instance, of the full market value of the slave; the negro population would have been gradually mingled with a free black race, capable of teaching them by their example, and influencing them by their habits; and the vast transition from savage to civilized life, from compulsory to voluntary labor, would have been accomplished, as it was in Europe, and some parts of southern America, so gradually as to be at once imperceptible and unattended with danger.

Instead of this, what have the British Government, acting from first to last under the dictation of the masses, actually done? Their conduct may be reduced to three heads, which comprise the principal points of colonial misgovernment, and, more than the rashness of Lord Normanby, or the prejudice of Sir Lionel Smith, have been the cause of the present disastrous state of those once magnificent settlements.

The first thing which they did, above forty years ago, was to lay a duty of thirty shillings a hundred weight on sugar imported into this country, which was subsequently reduced to twenty-seven, and within these few years to twenty-four. A grosser instance of fiscal oppression, it may safely be said, never occurred than in the imposition of so enormous a burden on an article of *rude* produce. In such cases, as it is well known, the producer cannot compensate the burden by superior skill or machinery in the production—little can be gained by that expedient in any department of field labor, as is clearly proved by the inability of the British farmer, with all the advantages of English skill, capital, and machinery, to rival the Polish, who is totally destitute of any of these advantages. The tax, therefore, required to be paid either by the producer or the consumer, and it is now clearly proved that almost the whole of it fell on the producers. The burden formerly of 30s., then 27s., and now of 24s. the hundred weight on West India sugar, was little felt during the war, when that article sold for forty-five pounds the hogshead (from £6 to £6 10s. the cwt.); but when, on the return of peace, prices fell to £12 or £15 the hogshead (from 50s. to 60s. the cwt., including duty), it became intolerably severe. It then became nearly a hundred per cent. on the rude material; the same as if a duty of fifty shillings a quarter had been laid on wheat raised in England for the home consumption. Nor had either the planter or the refiner the means of eluding this tax to any considerable degree, by either raising the price of the article to the consumer, or diminishing by economy or machinery the cost of its production: the cost of raising rude agricultural produce can hardly ever be diminished to any considerable extent by the application of machinery; and the stoppage of the slave trade necessarily, in the first instance at least, increased the cost of production, while the only way in which it seemed possible to render the burden tolerable, was by augmenting the quantity raised, which necessarily depressed to an unusual extent the price which it bore in the market. Being unable to diminish the cost of production from these causes, all the efforts of the planters to make head against their difficulties, and defray the interest of their mortgages by raising more extensive crops of sugar, only tended to lower prices and throw the taxes as an exclusive burden on themselves. The proof of this is decisive: the price of sugar in America is generally higher than in England, if the duty be deducted, sometimes by fully a third. In 1831 the price per cwt. was, in Great Britain, 23s. 8d., excluding duty; while in America it was 36s. per cwt. in the same year. Taking into view the greater expense of freight to Britain than America from these islands, there can be no doubt that almost the whole tax had been paid in many years by the producers, amounting though it now does to 100 per cent. Nothing more is requisite to explain the almost total ruin which has fallen on these splendid colonies, even before the last measure of emancipating the slaves was carried into effect.

In all fiscal measures on this subject, there is one principle to be constantly kept in view, to the neglect or oversight of which, more than anything else, the ruin of the West Indies is to be ascribed. This is, that while many branches of manufacturing industry possess the means, by improvements in machinery or the division of labor, of compensating very heavy fiscal burdens, the raisers of rude produce can hardly ever do the same; so that, unless they can succeed in laying the tax upon the consumer, which is very often altogether beyond their power, they are forced to pay it entirely themselves, and it becomes a ruinous direct burden on industry. No doubt can exist on this head, when it is recollected not merely how slight is the improvement which agriculture has ever received from the aid of machinery; but that, while in the most highly civilized states, such as England, the cost of raising manufactures is always, notwithstanding heavy taxes and a plentiful currency, less than in ruder states, it is always much greater of producing agricultural produce. Great Britain can undersell the world in manufactures, but her farmers would be ruined without a corn law. If any doubt that this enormous tax has, for the last twenty years past, fallen almost exclusively on the producers, we would recommend that he should propose that a tax of fifty shillings a quarter should be forthwith laid on British wheat, and thirty on British oats. If such a burden were imposed, we apprehend it would give little comfort to the British farmer to tell him that he could not be injured by the tax, for that it *all fell on the consumer!* Now, this is exactly what we have done for the last forty years with the West India proprietors; and no one can wonder, after such a crushing direct tax on production, that they have, after a severe struggle, almost all become deeply embarrassed, and that creditors and mortgages consume in every case a half, in many the whole produce of the soil.

The next step of British legislation was to pass the Emancipation Act in 1834, by which, in consideration of £20,000,000 paid down to the planters, the whole slaves were unconditionally emancipated in five years. Much has been said of the extraordinary liberality of this grant, and the munificence of Parliament and the nation which made such a sacrifice in the cause of humanity. Admitting that the concession of so large a sum in name of compensation was a magnanimous act on the part of the Imperial Parliament, which goes far to redeem the violent and disastrous nature of the step which they took, still nothing can be more certain than that it was very far indeed from affording indemnity to the proprietors, whose property was thereby taken away or rendered useless. The number of slaves emancipated was about 800,000; and the sum paid being £20,000,000, the value paid overhead for the slaves was just twenty-five pounds a head. This was certainly not half, in truth little more than a third, of their worth. A good slave in 1834 cost from seventy to ninety pounds; and even including women and children, it was esteemed a good bargain to get a hundred slaves for £6000. It is going to the very outside to say, that the Government compensation was a half of the value of the slaves; in most instances it was not a third.

But what was the effect of this hasty measure of emancipation on the average working of the negroes, and the produce of the estates after the apprentice system was introduced? Here we have authentic grounds to go upon. It appears from the Lords' report, 1838, No. 70, that the working of the first three years of the apprentice system has reduced the whole staple produce of the island of Jamaica fully *a third*, although the seasons were uncommonly fine. The numbers stood thus:—

Average produce of 7 years ending	Hogsdeads Sugar.	Puncheons Rum.	Pounds Coffee.
1832	93,156	34 354	20,953,705
1833	78,395	33,215	9,866,000
1834	77,801	30,475	17,725,000
1835	71,017	26,434	10,593,018
1836	61,604	19,938	13,446,033

The Returns for 1837 and 1838 have not yet been laid before Parliament; but there can be no doubt that they will exhibit a decrease still more rapid—indeed, we understand the crop of Jamaica for 1838 was barely 40,000 hogsheads, and that in 1839 it will not be 10,000. In short, the agricultural produce of the island is totally disappearing; the negroes, in the great majority of instances, either will not work at all for any wages, or are so extravagant in their demand for wages, and so irregular and inconstant in their habits, as to render it altogether impossible to continue the cultivation of sugar or coffee with any prospect of a profit. Unless some other race can be introduced, who will supply their place by free labor, and they peaceably retire to the mountains in the interior, there to squat and lead a life of savage indolence and penury, nothing is more certain than that in five years the cultivation of sugar in the West Indies will have entirely ceased, and nine-tenths of the estates will have irrevocably reverted to a state of nature. Could anything else have been expected? St. Domingo, before the emancipation of its negroes, produced 700,000,000 pounds of sugar, being more than all the rest of the world put together: now it *imports* that article of produce! Hear Napoleon on this subject:—"Had any of your philosophical Liberals come out to Egypt to proclaim liberty to the blacks or the Arabs I would have hung him up to the mast-head. In the West Indies similar enthusiasts have delivered over the whites to the ferocity of the blacks, and yet they *complain of the victims of such madness being discontented.*—How is it possible to give liberty to Africans when they are destitute of any species of civilization, and ignorant even of what a colony or a mother country is? Do you suppose, that had they been aware of what they were doing, they would have given liberty to the blacks? Certainly not: but few persons at that time were sufficiently far-sighted to foresee the results: and feelings of humanity are ever powerful with excited imaginations. But now, after the experience we have had, to maintain the same principles cannot be done in good faith; it can be the result only of overweening self-confidence or hypocrisy." Yet the British Parliament, urged on by the British masses, did precisely, with the example of St. Domingo before their eyes, what the Constituent Assembly had done, and a similar ruin must inevitably attend both colonies.

Are the friends of humanity, then, consoled by the rapid diminution of the slave trade, and the general amelioration of the African race, for the fatal blow thus struck at the West India colonies, and the evident approaching extinction of a trade, which, before it was destroyed, employed 240,000 tons of British shipping, and took off £3,800,000 worth of British manufactures? Alas! here the prospect is still darker; and the evident degradation and loss of their industrious habits, under the premature and blasting gifts of freedom, and their rapid relapse into the indolence and *insouciance* of savage life, speak in a voice of thunder the irreparable ruin we have inflicted on the once-flourishing negro race in our West India colonies. Every arrival from those fatal settlements brings the same woful accounts of fields neglected, canes rotting, indolent negroes spending whole weeks in idleness, or casually working a few hours a day, as caprice or some passing wish prompts them, and then relapsing into their pristine lazy and savage habits. It would fill a volume to quote any considerable number of these reports: they are all of the same character, and their results will be soon proclaimed in statistical returns, showing the rapid decline of the agricultural produce of the whole islands, which will at once silence misrepresentation and defy reply.

No other result could possibly have been anticipated from a measure which, however well intended, was founded on such absurd and delusive principles as the Slave Emancipation Act. The principle on which it proceeded was, that *five years* were sufficient to clothe the slave with the habits and desires of a freeman, and render the transition from servitude to liberty safe and salutary: it may safely be affirmed that *five hundred years* would have been little enough for the momentous change. How long did it take to wear out slavery in the British islands? Five centuries. Why was it never found possible to extirpate it even amidst all the refinements and civilization of Greece and Rome? Why does it still exist, in undiminished and undiminishing vigor, over two-thirds of the globe? Evidently because it is a necessary step in the progress of civilization: because without it savage man never has worked, and never will work; because without its coercion the human race would be chained for ever to the hunter or shepherd state; because, but for the slavery of our Saxon progenitors we would now have been wandering in the woods; because, whatever evils may be attendant on servitude, and they are many and grievous, they are trivial in comparison of the universal and wide-spread penury, the total stoppage of the advance and prospects of the human race, which instantly follows the cursing of uncivilized man with the nominal blessings, but the real destitution, of freedom. To men in the stage of advance which the negroes exhibit, liberty is the same thing as it would be to a herd of cattle or a troop of camels—the signal for the immediate abandonment of the restraints and the enjoyments of domestic life, and resumption of the want, the penury, and independence of the prairie or the desert.

Does the cessation of the slave trade over the globe, the amelioration of the African race, and the stoppage of the unutterable horrors of the middle passage, console the friends of humanity for this disappointment of all their hopes, and blasting of their expectations on the other side of the Atlantic? Alas! here the prospect is even more gloomy than on the sunny slopes of Jamaica, now choked with weeds, or the rich marshes of Guiana, fast relapsing into jungle. The slave trade has been DOUBLED IN EXTENT AND QUADRUPLED IN HORRORS throughout the globe, by the monstrous act; and the sufferings of the African race, under European cupidity, is now incomparably greater than when the philanthropy of Wilberforce and Clarkson first interfered for their relief. The rapid decline in the agricultural produce of the British West India islands, has given an impulse to the foreign slave colonies which is almost incredible; and augmented to an extent which it is piteous to think of, both the number of blacks who are annually torn from their homes and their children in Africa, and the barbarity with which they are treated in their passage to the American shores. Twelve years ago the only exports of Puerto-Rico were cattle and coffee, and the only sugar she received was from importation. In 1833 she exported 33,750 tons—more than a sixth of the whole British consumption. The export of sugar from Cuba was, on an average of 1814, 1815, and 1816, 51,000 tons; in 1833 it had risen to 120,000 tons. In 1814, 1815, and 1816, the average exports of sugar from Brazil was 26,250 tons; in 1833, though a bad year, the exports were 70,970 tons. The increase, since the Emancipation Act passed, has been still greater—but no official accounts of these years have yet been made public.

As might well have been expected, this prodigious increase in the produce of the foreign slave colonies, consequent on the progressive decline, and at length the almost total stoppage, of industry in the British settlements, under the influence of fiscal oppression and emancipation madness, has been obtained only by a vast increase in the importation of the African race, and a terrific addition to the sum of human suffering. The raising of sugar, by the stationary, domestic, half civilized English serf, who had ascended a few steps on the ladder of freedom, having ceased, or evidently approaching cessation, the void has been supplied by an extraordinary multiplication of African savages, who are now treated and worked with a severity, compared to which, the condition of our domestic slaves was paradise.—"Great and deplorable as were the sufferings of the captives in crossing the Atlantic, in the large and capacious Liverpool slave-ships, they are as nothing compared to those which have since been, and are still, endured by the negroes in the hands of the Spanish and Portuguese traders, where several hundred wretches are stowed between decks in a space not three feet high; and in addition to the anguish inseparable from a state of captivity, they are made to endure, for weeks together, the horrors of the black-hole of Calcutta. Nearly two hundred thousand captives, chained together in this frightful manner, now annually cross the Atlantic; and they are brought, not to the comparatively easy life of the British West India Islands, but to the desperate servitude of Cuba or Brazil; in the latter of which several hundred negroes are worked, like animals, in droves together, without a single female among them, and without any attempt to perpetuate their race; they are worn down by their cruel taskmasters to the grave by a lingering process, which on an average terminates their existence in seven years!"*

What does Mr. Buxton, a most unexceptionable authority on this point, say to the amount of this fortuitous increase of the foreign slave trade of late years? "Twenty years ago, the African Institution reported to the Duke of Wellington, that the number of slaves who annually crossed the Atlantic was 70,000. There is evidence before the Parliamentary Committees to show, that about one-third was for the British Islands, one-third for St. Domingo; so that, if the slave trade of other countries had been stationary, they ought only to import 25,000; whereas, the number landed in Cuba and Brazil alone is 150,000 annually; being *more than double the whole* draft *on Africa*, including the countries where it had ceased, *when the slave trade controversy began. Twice as many human beings are now its victims as when Wilberforce and Clarkson entered on their noble task;* and each individual of this increased number, in addition to the horrors which were endured in former times, has to suffer from being cribbed up in a narrower space, and on board a vessel where accommodation is sacrificed to speed. Painful as this is, it becomes still more distressing if it shall appear that our present system has not failed by mischance, or want of energy, or want of expenditure; but that the system itself is erroneous, and must necessarily end in disappointment."†

The remedy which Mr. Buxton and the anti-slavery advocates propose for these awful evils, is the declaring the slave trade piracy by the laws of all civilized nations. It is evident now that this would only still further aggravate the existing evils; and that nothing but it is wanting to put the last hand to the cup of African bitterness. The whole navies of the world could not stop the smuggling of slaves between Africa and the American shores; the search for slave vessels, with the penalty of death hanging over the crew if taken, would only aggravate the sufferings of the captives by rendering desperate the cruelty of the captors. If the trade were stopped from the African shores, it would speedily begin from the southern provinces of America, who would breed slaves to fill up the gap produced by British madness in the West Indies. One way, and *one only*, of stopping the infernal traffic exists; and that is, enabling the British planter, with stationary slaves, gradually improving in industry, to *undersell* the foreign slave-holder in the supply of the world with sugar. That method—the simple, just, progressive method of nature—*was* in satisfactory progress; and the slave trade must have declined, and perhaps in the course of ages expired, from the effect of the competition of the British stationary serf with the foreign imported slave, when the whole progress was stopped by the Emancipation Act; our own islands reduced to ruin; our own slaves restored to savage life; and a new impulse, to which philanthropy can assign no limits, communicated to the execrable traffic in human flesh! Such even, when under humane guidance, and when actuated by a benevolent spirit, is the legislation of the masses. What must it be, if stimulated by cupidity and directed by ambition?

After the dreadful and irremediable evils inflicted on our own subjects—our own negroes—and the African race in general, by the well-meant but ill-judged and most disastrous legislation of late years, the recent disputes between the mother country and the Jamaica House of Assembly sink into insignificance, and cease to be the object of serious attention, except as indicating the indisposition of the party, unhappily still possessing the majority in the British legislature, either to stop in the career of injustice, or make any amends for the errors of past times. It is evident, however, that, having plunged so deeply into former errors, it was incumbent on the British parliament to have had more than usual toleration for exasperated feeling and wounded interests—to have recollected that men, seeing their properties and the substance of their families wasting away, under the effect of former British legislation—could not be expected to have their feelings peculiarly cool, or their tempers signally under control, in political contests with the dominant power, from whom they had suffered so much: and that now, when experience is on all sides so clearly demonstrating how well grounded their complaints really are, was the time, by a respectful attention to their suggestions and uniform deference to their wishes, to have demonstrated the disposition of the parent state, to remedy, so far as yet in their power, the existing evils. Instead of this, what have the Liberal Ministry done? Why, they brought in a bill *suspending the constitution* of Jamaica, on the first angry controversy with the British Parliament; and on its being stopped by the firmness and zeal of the Conservative opposition, they have brought in another, substantially the same, and vesting absolute legislative power in the governor and council, if certain acts of Assembly were thrown out by the veto of the sovereign authority! We first tax the West India planter one hundred per cent on his agricultural produce; next let loose the live stock on his estate for less than half their value, and in so doing, render his fields totally unproductive; and when he remonstrates on a subordinate point of management, deprive him of all his liberties and reduce him to despotic authority! If these are the blessings which democratic institutions secure to their colonial dependencies, what evils has despotism in store for its subjects? and if such is the system of government of a widely-extended colonial dominion, how long is it likely to withstand the shock of fortune consequent on the almost total paralysis of the central executive power? Blackwood's Magazine.

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* Possibly the Maltese laborers may be able to bear the sun of the West Indies, and in some instances, tried on a small scale, they have succeeded; but this is the exception, not the rule.

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. vi., p. 128.

† *African Slave Trade*, by T. F. Buxton, M.P. London: 1839. p. 172.

ADVANTAGE OF SOILING HORSES.

With respect to the advantages of *soiling horses on green food*, in the yard or stable, it seems to be now generally understood that, with proper management, they can now be supported with great vigor; its economy, however, must depend on the proportion which it bears to the price of dry food, and its convenience to the quantity in which it can be spared for other cattle.

It is a very old, though by no means a universal practice,* and the experience of hundreds of farmers proves, that horses maintained in that manner for years have neither lost flesh nor strength sufficient for all farming purposes, although there was no palpable saving of their work, and that, though afterwards placed on dry food during the winter, they continued in perfect health. It is an excellent plan to give some green food along with the corn and chaff, before the usual period of feeding on dry fodder: the change from dry to green, and again from green to dry food, should be gradual. In its commencement, the clover or tares should be cut, and mixed in small portions with straw, and a proportionate quantity of corn should be reduced. The green food is insensibly increased, until the corn is entirely omitted, and the quantity of green meat is supplied without limitation: it should, however, be cut over-night, and given only in small quantities gradually increased, to guard as much as possible from accidents, which may arise from its succulence by hoving. When horses are soiled, they never should get much at a time, a practice far too prevalent among servants.

The *summer feeding of horses* was formerly confined to pasturage; but of late years the practice of soiling has become very general. The benefit of grazing consists in its requiring little attendance; and being the most natural, and therefore the most healthful, it is preferable for all young cattle which can be spared from constant labour, and on farms which contain a considerable portion of rough pasture. But for horses at regular work, these advantages are counterbalanced by the time lost in getting them up from the field; the indisposition to labour which they acquire by being at large; and the annoyance they suffer from heat and flies when turned out in the day-time. The value of their dung and urine is also in a great measure destroyed by being scattered upon the surface of the ground, and exposed to exhalation from the sun and wind; and there is much waste of grass, and injury done to the mellowness of the soil, if it be valuable land, by the treading of all heavy stock, but especially the horses. The utility of soiling consists in a more economical consumption of grass, whether natural or artificial, than by grazing; in the accumulation of manure, and in the quiet and coolness which the cattle enjoy under sheds, or in the stable, during mid-day, as well as their being always ready when wanted; the only disadvantage is the expense of cutting and carrying home the grass, against which may be fairly set the increase of manure, if expense be really incurred; but as, during summer, there is usually a long interval of rest between the morning and afternoon work, the carters can then cut the necessary quantity, which may be drawn to the homestead by one of the team horses, if there should not be a supernumerary one left for odd jobs.

When, however, the economy of the practice is not the chief consideration, horses on summer work may be *both grazed and soiled*. They may be put on dry clover in the middle of the day, between yokings, and turned out during the night into a well sheltered meadow or enclosure. In being kept under cover during the heat of the day, they will be sheltered from flies, and will feed more at ease; and in being pastured out during the night, they will also have an opportunity of selecting those grasses which act as condiments and are most agreeable to their palate. All animals like variety of grasses, selecting always what is most palatable, which they cannot do when soiled, particularly if fed on cut clover or tares. Exposure to the night air is also found to be highly favourable both to their health and appearance.

The economy of soiling, wherever it can be conveniently adopted, is, indeed, too generally admitted to need the support of argument; and particularly on soils on which turnips are entirely consumed on the ground, or on which they cannot be grown, and where consequently there is difficulty in converting the straw into manure during the winter, it cannot be too strongly recommended. But it requires a succession of green crops; and as only the artificial grasses are resorted to in England—though in many parts of the continent the meadows are mown for that purpose—it is necessary that winter and summer tares should be sown at different periods, so as to afford a constant supply, both before clover comes in, and after the first crop is off. This is a great impediment to the practice in Scotland, and some of our northern counties, where tares are an uncertain crop; though cattle are certainly soiled with great advantage, both there and in other places, on clover alone. In other situations too, farms, on strong clay, frequently contain a large portion of meadow, and grazing being combined with tillage, the whole of the straw is consumed in the winter; in which case one of the chief advantages of summer soiling would be lost, as yard dung, without the addition of straw, is of very little value. But even in this instance, or in others where the distance of the fields from the homestead may be opposed to the carriage of the grass, it is better to cut it daily, and give it on the ground in pens, or small enclosures hurdled off, so as to prevent the cattle from injuring the growing crop, than to allow them to range over and trample it. By confining them in this manner to a small space and moving the hurdles forward as the grass is eaten, the fertilizing properties of the dung and urine, which would otherwise be lost, are in a considerable degree preserved; and if the land be immediately ploughed, it will be nearly as much benefitted as if it were more regularly manured.

The artificial grasses used for soiling are the same as those already enumerated as hay, but here *tares* take the lead, both because the winter species is earlier ready than any other, except rye-grass, and affords a weightier crop. In most seasons, tares are ready for the scythe towards the middle of May, for if left till they are quite ripe they will become unfit for soiling before the crop can be used; and although there may be some loss in using them so soon, it will be compensated by the saving at the latter end, as well as by commencing the soiling sooner than would be otherwise practicable. Before they are off, clover will be ready; the tares still standing may then be made into hay, and by the time the clover is becoming strawy, and losing its succulence, spring tares will come in, which, if they have been sown at intervals of about a fortnight each, will last until the second cut of clover; or, if spring-tares be not sown, the growth of part of the clover may be checked by light early feeding. There is also an excellent fashion regarding soiling in Dorsetshire, which consists in saving a portion of rye alone, to be cut green; then another portion of rye, with tares; and afterwards the remainder entirely with tares: the rye comes first into use, and assists in raising the earlier tares, while those of later growth do not require any such nursing. Thus horses may be kept upon a succession of green herbage, without touching the meadows, throughout four months of the summer and autumn, and while thus fed, require very little corn; when stirring the fallows, and during the hurry of harvest, a couple of feeds a-day may be serviceable, but more is unnecessary, and at other times should be wholly omitted.

The mention of *lucerne* has been omitted, although extremely valuable for soiling, because it requires a peculiar quality of land, and is not commonly cultivated. In the Essex report, it is said, that two horses have been supported during four months upon a quarter of an acre, with scarcely any thing given to them besides; and that six horses, on hard work, have been kept on lucerne instead of hay, but with an allowance of oats and chaff for twelve weeks—six from the first cut; four from the second; and two from the third; which, valuing the hay saved at 3s. per horse per week, would amount to 10*l*. 16s.† A paper in the communications to the Board of Agriculture also states that, in one year, twenty-three horses have been kept twenty weeks, and in the next, twenty-eight horses during eighteen weeks, upon eleven acres alone; which gives an average of three roods per horse in nineteen weeks.‡ It is also extensively used on the coast of Normandy, and in the neighbouring islands of Guernsey and Jersey; but it is there said that horses, particularly those used for the saddle, require more precaution from overworking, when first going out of the stable, than when fed on other hay; and, what is singular, that, when soiled on green lucerne, there is not the same danger.§

In Holland and Flanders, where the feeding of cattle is supposed to be better understood than in most places, the summer soiling of farm horses is limited to half an acre of meadow grass, cut and carried to the stables, from the middle of May to the middle of June; from which time to the end of August one sixth of an acre of clover is added, with 2lbs. daily of beans; and from thence to November, when the winter feeding commences, the clover is replaced by an equal quantity of carrots. From the number of horses stated, in this instance, to be kept in proportion to the tillage—11 to 150 acres of alluvial soil—their labour can, however be only light; though a pair is said to draw a ton and a half of manure in the field, and three tons upon pavement.‖

Accounts have been also published, showing that horses may be regularly worked throughout the summer, in this country, without any corn; thus green crops, consumed by soiling, are said to go four times as far as when grazed; and that, in this manner, one acre of clover is equal to six of meadow pasture. But many of these statements rest only on opinion, or upon insufficient data, and in all, so much depends on the state of the crop, the size and health of the animal, and the work performed, of which the account is generally imperfect, that no safe conclusion can be drawn from them: it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them; nor is the cause which they are meant to promote assisted by being advocated upon any other than its real merits. A medium-sized farm-horse, at customary labour, consumes from 84 lbs. to one cwt. of green food daily, with an occasional allowance of corn. Now a good acre of tares, or of broad clover, will weigh twelve tons (that is presuming the tares to be cut only once, and the clover twice;* for although winter tares may be cut again, it is more usual to get them off the land as soon as possible, either in order to sow turnips, or to form a bastard fallow); and taking that weight as the average of both, and the consumption at the highest rate, half an acre of either would support a horse during four months. This nearly accords with some instances in the county surveys; in others, more have been consumed, and, for the reasons already stated, it is next to impossible that any two accounts should agree; but, upon a rough estimate, it may be affirmed, that about a perch per day will be required for each horse in most seasons, and on most kinds of land, if soiled, and that double that quantity will be necessary if pastured.†

It must, however, be borne in mind that the difference in the degree of succulence contained in various grasses, must necessarily have a material influence on the state of the cattle by which they are consumed. Of this farmers are generally pretty well informed, either through their own observation, or by the experience of others; but an accurate acquaintance with the subject was not attained until the experiments made at Woburn, by which Mr. Sinclair has been enabled to ascertain the quantity of soluble nutritive matter afforded by all those grasses which constitute the produce of the richest ancient pastures, as well as those of artificial growth.

The custom of giving corn along with green meat is unprofitable; for the grain, thus mixed, passes rapidly off the stomach, and is never properly digested. When, however, increased exertion demands an addition of more substantial food, and that corn is also allowed, it should be given only in the morning and at night, accompanied with a sufficient quantity of chaff to afford it consistence, and green meat should only be given at mid-day. Farmers very generally omit that precaution, and it is a common custom among them to allow half the usual quantity of corn, without regard to the effect of the watery juices of grass upon the digestion; but they may be assured that a great portion of the nutriment contained in the grain is thus wasted.

British Husbandry.

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* It is mentioned in a treatise on Agriculture, entitled "Hartlib's Legacy," so long ago as 1650, p. 245.

† Young's Survey of Essex, vol. ii. pp. 71, 72.

‡ Vol. vii. Art. 25, Part I.

§ Quayle's Survey of the Islands on the Coast of Normandy, p. 117

‖ Radcliffe's Report of the Agriculture of East and West Flanders, p. 216. Another farm, of 200 acres, mentioned in the same Report, is cultivated by eight horses, each of which get daily, in winter, 15 lbs. of hay, 10 lbs. of straw, and 8 lbs. of oats; and *after* every feed, a bucket of water 'richly whitened with rye or oatmeal;' in summer, clover is substituted for hay, but the other feeding remains the same, and the '*white water*' is never omitted,—p. 54.

* From an experiment made at Woburn, the green weight of an acre of broad clover was found to be 49,005 lbs.=21 tons, 17 cwt. 2 qrs. 5 lbs.; but the soil is described as rich clayey loam, and the crop cannot be assumed as an average. See *Sinclair's Hortus Gramineus Wobernensis*: and the *Appendix to Sir H. Davy's Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*.

† In one instance it is stated that twenty horses have been supported for three months on six acres of tares (*Rutlandshire Reports*, p. 71); and in another, that fifty-one head of cattle—cows, oxen, and horses—were kept during that period, on 15½ acres of mixed herbage; or, in each about half a perch per day (*Comm. to the Board of Agriculture*, vol. vii. part 1, art. 1). A third mentions that twelve horses and five cows, which, together, may be considered equal to eighteen horses, consumed, in the same time, or 3 qrs. and k.3½ of a perch each daily (*Middlesex Report*, p. 257); and a fourth states the allowance of *pastured tares*, (for twelve horses) to be an acre per week, or nearly two perch each day. (*Essex Report*, vol. ii. p. 354.)

OF CATTLE.

The number of beasts fed on a farm of which the whole is arable land, is surprising to those who are not acquainted with the mode in which the food is prepared for the cattle. A beast for every three acres of land is a common proportion, and in very small occupations where much spade husbandry is used, the proportion is still greater. To give an idea of the system, it is necessary to reflect, that in every farm a fifth, at least, of the land is sown with turnips immediately after harvest. These turnips are not such as are sometimes sown in England under the name of stubble turnips, in the end of August or in September, and give but a poor produce during the winter and early in Spring, but they are of a quick growing sort, and are sown in succession from July, after the colza and winter barley are reaped, to August, after the rye, as we have described in the eighth chapter. They are already of a good size in September and October, when they are stored in cellars for winter use. Besides turnips, a considerable quantity of potatoes are raised, more than is required for the use of the family, and these are generally consumed by the cattle. Carrots which have been sown in spring either alone or amongst the barley, flax, or colza, complete the winter's provision. These roots are chopped up together in a tub, and some bean-meal, rye-meal, or buckwheat-meal is added; boiling water is poured over this and allowed to cool; or the whole is boiled together in a copper when fuel is not too scarce. Of this mixture which they call *brassin*, two pails full are given milk-warm, morning and evening, to each cow, and this is their food during the whole winter with a little wheat or barley-straw. Hay is only given in a few districts, where the pastures are extensive, as about Furnes and Dixmude, but never in that unbounded quantity in which the cows eat it in England. Very little hay is made in any other district, and that only clover hay, which is reserved for the horses when they work hard. Near the towns or large villages, where there are brewers, grains are added to the other ingredients of the brassin, and they greatly increase the milk.

The same food is given is greater quantity, and with more meal in it, or sometimes with bruised linseed cake, to fatten cows or oxen. The profit on these, when thus fed, is not considerable, and much under that of the grazier who fats them in rich pastures on grass alone: but the manure produced by their dung and urine is the great object in view: especially where it cannot be procured in sufficient quantities from the towns, owing to the want of water-carriage and the badness of the roads. A moderately sized ox will eat three baskets of turnips daily, which is the average produce of about the one hundred and fiftieth part of an acre; ten beasts will therefore consume the produce of an acre in fifteen days, or of about ten acres in five months: two acres of potatoes and one of carrots will enable the farmer to feed three or four beasts more, by mixing them with the turnips. Some farmers cut all the straw which is given to the cattle into chaff, and mix it with the brassin; it is thus supposed to go much farther than when eaten from the crib: but as mastication causes the saliva to flow, and greatly promotes digestion, it seems probable that there is an advantage in allowing the cattle to chew some dry straw.

A great number of cows and oxen are fattened in the distilleries on the refuse wash, and many farmers prefer selling their cows, when they have had four or five calves, without attempting to fatten them, and rearing young heifers in their place, thus keeping up their stock of milch cows. After comparing the accounts given in a variety of places and situations of the average quantity of milk which a cow gives when fed in the stall, the result is, that it greatly exceeds that of our best dairy farms, and the quantity of butter made from a given quantity of milk is also greater; an ordinary cow fed on young clover will give at three milkings, for the first three months after calving, from fifteen to eighteen quarts per day, which will produce 1¼ lb. of butter, that is nearly 9 lbs. of butter per week. Where the number of cows is great, the average is much less, because when there are only two or three cows, a deficiency in one of them is immediately noticed; the cow is got rid of, and a better one purchased. In a great number, there are always a few inferior cows, and a lower average is the consequence. It appears astonishing that the occupier of only ten or twelve acres of light arable land should be able to maintain four or five cows, but the fact is notorious in the Waes country. The cows are the principal object of attention:—the butter which is sold weekly pays the outgoings of the farm: the buttermilk feeds the family and the pigs: the bread is boiled in it for soup: it is eaten with potatoes instead of butter: it is made into hasty pudding with buckwheat flour: it is the meat and drink of all; and as long as the cows give plenty of milk, there is no want in the house. A falling-off of the milk is immediately noticed, and the food of the cows is increased, or changed till the usual quantity is obtained. But something is also due to the careful selection of the animals. The best cows come from Holland, especially from Friesland; they are brought over the frontiers in great numbers and sold in calf to the Flemish dealers. The principal market for them is Malines. Good-sized cows sell for as much as they usually do in our country fairs, that is from £8 to £12 each with a calf, or when just about to calve, which is generally in May. If the calf is a female she is reared; a bull-calf is sold immediately, or fatted for the butcher. There are too few fine bulls kept amongst the small farmers in Flanders to keep up a good breed. There is also a predilection for large heavy animals, from the idea that a large beast is more profitable when fat than a small one; a notion which our Essex and Norfolk farmers who fat the small Scotch oxen, will not readily allow. When a bull-calf is reared, the largest and strongest in the limbs is usually preferred, even with inferior symmetry, and the produce is coarse, as may be naturally expected. Some very good bulls have been introduced of late years from various countries, and a fine short-horn bull brought from England is now, or was lately, in the possession of Count d'Hane, at Lovendighem near Ghent, which will at least serve as a specimen of an improved form. The same gentleman has procured cows from Switzerland and Holstein, the latter a very fine short-horned breed: and under the fostering care of the Belgian government, which pays great attention to every thing by which the prosperity of agriculture can be promoted, a taste for improved forms in the domestic animals cannot fail to be produced. The establishment of a veterinary and agricultural college at Brussels on an extended scale, will soon diffuse around true notions with respect to the breeding of cattle, whether milch cows, or oxen for the butchers, two things which are quite distinct, and in some measure incompatible. In the mean time the Dutch cows are the best, and eagerly sought after. The oxen preferred for feeding, are those which have been worked in the Campine: in Brabant and Namur they are still sometimes used for the plough instead of horses. At the distilleries they take all sorts of cows, often without sufficient discrimination, and on the rich wash they all get flesh in some reasonable time; but few experiments are made to show what breeds fatten at the least expense, or give the greatest profit. If this were done frequently, there would remain no doubt as to the form which fattens most readily.

The cattle are kept on brassin and cut straw till May, when they are turned into the pastures, if there are any. But in all the upland farms where the land is mostly arable, the food is cut for them and carried into the stalls. This consists of winter barley, or vetches and clover, chiefly the latter. At first, when the clover is very young, it is given sparingly, and if all the turnips are consumed, boiled potatoes with a little hay are considered as a useful corrective; for clover, given injudiciously, causes the cows to heave.* By the time the clover is in bloom it is their only food. Clover is not supposed to give the milk or butter any bad taste, as many think in England; although nothing gives so fine and rich a flavor as natural meadows. The butter made when the cows eat clover does not keep so well when salted; but there is so great a demand for it in the numerous towns and villages, that there is never any difficulty in disposing of it in a fresh state, that is, moderately salted; for as soon as the butter is made a considerable portion of salt is always added.

In the large dairies about Furnes and Dixmude, the milk is set in shallow pans on a cool brick floor in the dairy house, and skimmed, as is the case in England: the cream alone is churned three times a week. A barrel churn is commonly used which will churn 40 or 50 lbs. at a time. It is sometimes turned by hand, but this is rather hard work, a horse mill is frequently erected to turn it. The butter, as soon as it is taken out of the churn, is well washed and worked with a cool hand, or a kind of spatula or flat spoon, till all the milk is washed out. It is immediately salted and put into casks which contain about 1½ cwt. If the quantity made at once is not sufficient to fill the cask, it is pressed down, and the surface left smooth; some salt is dissolved in water, till it is nearly saturated, and this is poured on the butter so as to cover it an inch deep: a linen cloth is then inserted, and laid smoothly over the butter, to exclude all air; and this is kept down by a round board with a weight upon it; when more butter is added the cloth is removed, the brine poured off, and the new portion added is pressed close to the other. Thus no streak is observable in the place where the different churnings join. The butter made in summer, when the cows feed in the rich pastures, is of a fine golden color, and to those who do not dislike a little saltness, it is much better when a week or fortnight old, than when fresh churned, and not salted. It keeps perfectly well for a twelvemonth or more. The casks are made of clean white wood and are prepared by well scouring with brine and rubbing the inside with salt. It is of consequence that they be well made and air tight. Dixmude is the great market for this butter, which is exported in considerable quantities; much of it goes to Ostend, where it is shipped, and a considerable portion, as we observed before, comes to England as Dutch butter.

In most of the smaller farms the whole milk, after having stood twelve hours in shallow pans, is poured into a deep vat where it is left to get slightly acid, it is then churned in a large upright churn, and treated exactly as described above. It is allowed that the butter churned from the cream is preferable; but the use of buttermilk is so general, and it is thought so much more wholesome than skimmed milk that the old method is preferred, in spite of the greater labor required to churn the whole milk. The churning is generally done by a horse, where the number of cows exceeds four or five; sometimes, as in Holland, a dog walks in a wheel, which turns the machinery by which the plunger is moved up and down.

There is little or no cheese made in Flanders, except some skimmed-milk cheese for family use, in those districts where the cream alone is churned. The cheese consumed is chiefly of Dutch manufacture.

In the fattening of cattle the same food is used as is given to the milch cows, with the addition of bean-meal, rye-meal, or oats. An ox kept stalled up for six or eight months and well fed, will double his original weight, and pay well for the food he has consumed: but the principal advantage to the farmer is the increase of the liquid manure in his cistern, and of dung in his yard. Each ox is reckoned to produce as much of both kinds together as will manure two acres of land. When a cow appears to increase in flesh at the expense of her milk, it is a common practice to feed her well, milking her as long as she gives a tolerable quantity; and not allowing her to take the bull. Her milk gradually dries up, and by that time she is so forward in flesh as to be soon fit to be killed: the improvement in her flesh fully compensates for the loss of her milk. There are some farmers who purchase young cows in full milk, keeping ten or twelve of them whom they treat as mentioned above, and as soon as one is fat she is replaced by another. If they have skill to select the breeds which fatten most readily, they make a good profit by the milk and the sale of the cow when fat. Abundant food is indispensable for this purpose: the white sugar-beet and the mangel wurzel are found very good in this case: for milch cows, however, they are thought too fattening.

Very large cows and oxen are fatted in the neighborhood of Ghent. They are kept stalled longer than usual, sometimes twelve or fourteen months, and are then very fat, especially those which are fed in the distilleries.

The fattening of calves is not so generally attended to in Belgium as in some parts of England; but the method is worthy of notice. In the cow-house there are several narrow boxes parallel to the wall, about two feet wide, six or seven feet long, and three feet high; the door is in the end. Sometimes there is a door at both ends, which is most convenient to clean out the box. In this a calf is placed, so that he can get up and lie down, but he cannot turn round to lick himself. He is fed three times a day with new milk, and where they are curious in veal as near Ghent, white wheaten bread is boiled in milk, with two or three eggs beat up in it: and this mess is given milk-warm to the calf at noon: salt and chalk are also given in small quantities. The veal thus produced is extremely tender and white; and in seven or eight weeks a calf is as fat as required. A greater price is paid for this veal; and the farmer's wife who pays due attention to her calves, finds the additional trouble and expense well repaid. Yearling calves are often fatted and killed, but the meat is neither veal nor beef; and it would probably be found more profitable to keep them another year, in good store order, and then fatten them off. It is generally those who show an early disposition to increase in flesh that are fatted so early, but for the same reason they would pay much better for the food they consume, if they were kept till they were two years old, and then fatted off. A somewhat similar practice formerly existed in Norfolk; cows were turned out to grass with their calves: between the milk which the calf sucked and the grass, he grew fat as well as the cow, and they were sold off together. The flesh of these calves was called *beefin*, but the practice is now much less common than it was when more of the country remained in pasture.

When calves are intended to be reared to keep up the stock of cows, they are treated, for a week or a fortnight, in the same way as if they were to be fatted. The milk is then gradually diminished and water mixed with it; pulverized oil-cake is sometimes given, and the calves are not placed in narrow boxes, as when they are fatting, but have more liberty; and as soon as they are strong enough, they are allowed to run about in a small inclosure or orchard, which tends to develop their limbs and keep them in good health. They soon begin to pick clover; and when they are about three or four months old, they are fed on the brassin and whatever the cows eat.

The young bulls not intended to be kept as such, are castrated at twelve months old, and the heifers go to the bull at eighteen months or two years. It is customary for a farmer who has sheep, to keep a bull for the use of the parish, in return for which he has the liberty of pasturing his sheep on the stubbles and uncultivated spots over the whole parish.

In consequence of the subdivision of the land, and the small extent of the farms in Flanders, no considerable number of sheep can be kept by any individual: the great advantage of folding on light soils is therefore much limited. There are flocks which consist of the sheep of several occupiers in a parish, and which are led about the sides of roads and lanes to pick up a scanty herbage, under the care of a common shepherd, whose dogs are so well trained, that the sheep feed along the sides of corn-fields and even clover, without being permitted to trespass upon them, although there is no fence of any kind to keep them off. When sheep are fed on the remnants of the clover which has been cut two or three times, lines are sometimes drawn with a plough to divide a field into portions to be fed off successively. The dogs keep moving along these lines, and not a sheep dares to pass over them. Thus all the advantage of hurdling is obtained at a cheap rate, and the land is manured equally and regularly. A small field may occasionally be seen in which the sheep are shut up very closely packed during the nights in summer; but in general they are brought into the stable allotted to them in the farm-yard, and remain there till the dew is off the ground. They have straw for litter and green clover for food in summer; in winter they have straw, hay, and some turnips; but these last are mostly reserved for the cows. The sheep when of a proper age are mostly fatted on corn, and in a very few instances ewes are also kept on extra food for the sake of their lambs, which are fatted for the butcher. Lamb is very seldom eaten, except as a great luxury, and is only found at the tables of the nobility and the resident English: we only met with one farmer who kept ewes for this purpose, but he finds it very profitable, being nearly the only person to whom the butchers can apply for a fat lamb early in the season. We shall have occasion to give some further details of this farm.

The indigenous breed of sheep is large and coarse, without horns and with long falling ears. The wool is not long nor of a fine quality, and in nothing is there more room for improvement than in the breed of this useful animal. There is a very small breed from the Ardennes, which is like our forest sheep; the flesh is very well flavoured, and the wool is finer than that of the common breed, but in very small quantity; but this breed is not well suited to the mode of feeding in common practice, and the farmers like to have a large carcase to sell, which brings in more money. Some fine Leicester and Cotswold sheep, and some South Downs, have been imported by the government and dispersed through the country, but they are mostly confined to the farms of gentlemen, who keep them more as a curiosity than for profit. The Cotswold crossed with the Leicester is a large sheep with a long heavy fleece, and is likely to do well in Belgium. A ram of this breed, which was sent over to Belgium in 1834, gave a fleece the next year which weighed upwards of 20lbs. The wool was sorted and combed, at Tournay, and 9lbs of very fine long wool was the result, besides some good common wool. It was exhibited in the Museum at Brussels in 1835 as a great curiosity. The breed is in the hands of an individual who is likely to keep it pure, and has ample means of raising a good flock. In Flanders it would be almost impossible, with the present system of agriculture, to introduce our sheep-farming system; but in other parts of Belgium, where the farms are larger, there is no doubt but the raising turnips to be fed off by sheep folded on them, would be highly advantageous to the land, and that a good profit might be made by the improvement of the wool and carcase.

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* Mr. Van Aelbroek gives a very curious remedy for cattle which are hoven by eating young clover too greedily. It is as follows:—An ounce of horsehair is held over the fire with the tongs, and singed till it forms a crisp round ball, which when cold is well covered with butter, so that it may easily be passed into the gullet of the hoven beast. There it sticks, and causes such an irritation, that in a few minutes the animal vomits, and this continues till the stomach is emptied of its contents, and the cow is saved; we have never tried it, but give it on the above respectable authority; should it be efficacious it is a most simple and valuable remedy, which is always at hand. It is at all events worth trying, where the more certain remedy, by inserting a leathern tube into the stomach, is not at hand. But no farmer who has cattle should ever be without this useful instrument, and we would strongly recommend it to the notice of those who have never used it.

Flemish Husbandry.

Regatta at Pass Christian.—A brilliant affair was to come off on the 18th. The editor of the N. O. "Picayune" remarks to the following effect.—

We saw the beautiful silver boat, built upon the model of one of the Mobile club boats, yesterday, and would have no objection to pull a few licks for it ourselves even in this hot weather. It was made by Murray & Brothers, of this city, at a cost of something like $300, is the neatest and richest specimen of the kind we have ever seen, and is to be presented to the winning boat at the regatta. Six oared boats, rowed entirely by amateurs and no others, are to contend. Those boys at Bayou Sara have a splendid boat—they will take a hand in the regatta and pull for the silver present of course.

Quebec Regatta.—The "Mercury" of that city furnishes the following information relative to the annual September Regatta:—

At a meeting held at the Exchange on the 15th instant, it was resolved that the Regatta should take place on Thursday, 5th September, and the following gentlemen were nominated to act as Stewards:—

Colonel Shaw, Coldstream Guards,
————————, 11th Regt.,
Honorable G. Pemberton,
W. Stevenson, Esq.,
Captain Rayside,
G. W. Usborne, Esq.,
H. E. Scott, Esq.,
R. Wainwright, Esq.

We trust that the subscriptions to these manly sports will be liberal, they are so peculiarly suited to a maritime people that they cannot be too much encouraged. The young men of Quebec have entered into them with great spirit, and have taken much pains and gone to no small expense to procure first-rate rowing boats, both by building here and importing from the most celebrated builders in the mother country. There are now here some rowing boats that may bear comparison with any on this continent, amongst others a four-oared boat from Glasgow, which, with her amateur crew, we believe, may fearlessly challenge any amateurs, and we hope that they will have an opportunity of proving her, and their powers, at the ensuing Regatta—we have no fear for the result.

The Wild Horses of Texas.—A traveller over the prairies of Texas, in speaking of the effects which the neighborhood of a large number of wild horses had upon the tame animals which himself and others were riding, says they evidently operated as a great annoyance. The frightened movements, the increased indications of fatigue, with their frequent neighings, sufficiently evidenced what unpleasant neighbors they considered their wild compatriots to be. So much did our horses appear to suffer from fatigue and terror in consequence of their vicinity, that we were thinking of some way in which to drive them off, when, on a sudden, a patient and laborious donkey of the establishment, who appeared to have regarded all their movements with philosophic indifference, pricked up his long ears and gave a long and most sonorous bray from his vocal shells. Instantly this prodigious multitude—and there were thousands of them—took what the Spanish call the "stompado." With a trampling like the noise of thunder, or still more like that of an earthquake—a noise that was absolutely appalling—they took to their heels and were all in a few moments invisible in the very depths of the plains, and we saw them no more.

N. O. Picayune.

Horticulture!—We neglected placing the following paragraphs under our "*Agricultural*" head, but the subject is one of such interest and is handled with such masterly ability by the wags of the "Post," "Commercial," and "Gazette," as to excuse its appearance in this column:—

Is producing clams a horticultural pursuit? The New York Commercial Advertiser says that Colonel Spooner, for three years, has been confining his attention exclusively to horticultural labors, producing the finest Isabella grapes, *clams*, cabbages and potatoes raised on Long Island. We pause for a reply.

Boston Morning Post.

Our neighbor of the Gazette is also "pausing" for the same thing. Both will have to keep on pausing for some time, albeit we might solve the mystery if we chose to do so. *Vegetable oysters* are to be found in our markets any day. Oysters have been known to grow upon the branch of a tree. Barnacles spout from the bottoms of ships. Whence the difficulty, then, of raising clams? Is not *planting* a horticultural pursuit? Why not *plant* clams as well as oysters?

N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

We copy the foregoing from the Commercial of last evening, as "a part of the history of the times"—a specimen of literary lassitude, which even very sensible men sometimes fall into in warm weather. It gives us no pleasure to record the short comings of good friends, but we must be "faithful chroniclers" of these matters, lamentably as the record leaves some people. Such a tissue of non-sequiturs as this attempt of the Commercial, to extricate itself from a dilemma, we have rarely seen before. It is almost as bad as the bungling of the Post, in trying to flounder out of its false quotations from the said Commercial. The latter affects to think, because a plant called a "vegetable oyster" grows in a garden, and because the respectable bivalve of that name sometimes clings to the branch of a tree which had happened to fall into salt water mud, and because barnacles have been known to adhere to the bottom of a ship—that ergo, clams may be planted like so many potatoes, and periwinkles set out in drills as you would cultivate parsnips. Planting being a horticultural pursuit, the Commercial seems to be of opinion that tending lobster pots is bona fide a part of the profession of gardening. One sort of planting *is* a horticultural operation, but we never knew before that it was horticultural to plant a colony, or plant cannon before a besieged town. It grieves us to see our friends making shipwreck of their reputation by resorting to such scallop logic as this. We shall expect next to hear them advertising cancer grafts, because it is possible to inoculate a *crab* apple.

N. Y. Gazette.

The pride of Boulogne is an attendant at the baths—a young creature who has spent some years in the coarse employment of a bathing-woman, but whose beauty is so dazzling, that she not only surpasses all her companions, but may vie with the proudest of the Court. Her face is a model of Grecian beauty, not a coarse line about it; it is all softness, refinement—and, one may add, dignity. She is called by her friends, the *Venus de la Mer*, from her occupation—and, what is more gratifying to add to the praises of her person, her character is irreproachable, her manners gentle and unassuming, though she has been accustomed to flattery enough to turn a wiser girl's head, and assailed with offers to pervert her principles. Genieve, for that is her proper name, says she is now completely happy, as she has lately been married, after five years' attachment, to a jolly young fisherman of that port. She is twenty, and her husband five-and-twenty; they are admitted to be the finest couple in Boulogne. She still continues her humble duties at the baths, while he takes his turn out to sea—one of the happiest young fishermen in the world.

Precocity.—"Ma," said a little girl the other day, who had scarcely entered her teens, "Ma, maint I get married?"

"Why, child," said the anxious mother, "what upon earth ever put that notion in your head?"

"Cause all the other girls are getting married as fast as they can, and I want to, too."

"Well, you must not think of such a thing. Don't you ever ask me such a foolish question again. Married, indeed, I never heard the like."

"Well, ma, if I can't have a husband, *maint I have a piece of bread and butter?*"

"Certainly. Now you begin to talk rationally, and you may have as much as you want. When you have done, put on your bonnet and go to school."

Pardon.—Great injuries pardoned preclude the enjoyment of happiness between the pardoner and pardoned; for the one is vested with a superiority that wounds the self-love of the other, who, though he may admire the generosity of him who forgives, can love him no more.

Miss Braham, the eldest daughter of the eminent vocalist, was recently married to a brother of the Earl of Waldegrave. The young lady possesses a considerable fortune in her own right.

Morning paper.

This is all nonsense. All she can possess is from the well-merited wealth of her distinguished father. But the "Honorable" is truly in luck, for he is fortunately, on this earth, in "A-*Braham's* bosom."

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
BOONVILLE, Mo. - - -	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - -	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, 1st Wednesday, 4th Sept.
CINCINNATI, Ohio - -	Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
CROSS KEYS, Va. - - -	Southampton County, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
FORT SMITH, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
HUNTINGDON, L. C. -	Somerville's Course, 2d Friday, 13th Sept.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.	Woodland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - -	Association Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
LIVINGSTON, Ala. - -	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $6000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - -	Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MECKLENBURG Co., Va.	Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
MONTREAL, L. C. - -	Turf Club Meeting, St. Pierre Course, 3d Monday, 19th Aug.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MAYSVILLE, Ky. - - -	Beechland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - -	and Portsmouth J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
NEW YORK CITY - -	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW FRANKLIN, Mo.	and Boonville J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
PITTSYLVANIA C.H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
PETERSBURG, Va. - -	Newmarket Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - -	Association Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - -	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
ROME, Ga. - - - - - -	Western Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
SPRINGFIELD, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va.	J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Aug.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
VAN BUREN, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
WASHINGTON, D. C. -	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
WHEELING, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
WHITE S. SPRINGS, Va.	Fauquier Co., Victoria Course, J. C. F. Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 3

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE 8th No. of this work was published on the 1st Aug., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PORTRAIT OF MR. STEVENS' JANETTE; on Steel, by Dick after Troye.
RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND; on Steel, by Dick after Landseer.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, August 10.—[aug10]

DURHAM CATTLE AND BERKSHIRE HOGS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber intending to return to England, offers for sale his stock of Imported Short Horned Cattle and Berkshire Pigs, at his residence, English Neighborhood, Bergen County, N. J., five miles from New York.

The stock consists of 15 head of Milking Cows, four of them imported, and the remainder got by the imported Herd Book bulls, Dishley, Durham, Wye Comet, Hall's Comet, Memnon, Admiral, Denton, &c.—One 2 year old heifer, four 1 year old ditto, and from 8 to 10 Spring calves.

BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Ten Breeding sows in pig, and with pigs by them at the present time—from forty to fifty pigs ready for delivery at any time, at prices from $10 to $20 per pair, delivered in New York.

The imported Herd Book bred bull, Bloomsbury, is with the cows for the season, and from present appearances they will all soon be in calf.

The yearling and spring calves are by the subscriber's bull, Snow Ball, late Minervis, by Wye Comet, dam Nelle, bred by Israel Munson, Esq., of Boston, got by the imported bull, Admiral, g. dam Rosa, bred by Mr. Munson, by the imported bull, Denton, owned by Stephen Williams, of Northborough, Mass., gr. g. d. Tuberose, bred by Mr. Wetherall, and imported by Mr. Munson.

For further particulars see Herd Book,—Dishley, page 63—Durham, 567—Wye Comet, 200—Admiral, 2—Denton, 43—Tuberose, 524.

BENJ. BRENTNALL.

English Neighborhood, Bergen county, N.J., five miles from New York, Aug. 8, 1839.
[aug10.]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on the fourth Tuesday, 22d October, 1839, and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same Day a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats,

Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st of September.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Several purses will also be given during the meeting, for Mile heats, &c., of which due notice will be given.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start,—if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M., that they may be published in the New York and Philadelphia papers, on the morning of each race—entrance 5 per cent.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana.*

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. August 9th, 1839. [aug10.]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

ROCKENBERG & BANCKER.

WHEELING JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Wheeling Course* will commence on Tuesday, the 2d Sept., and continue five days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 20th August. Now two subs.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close by 1st Sept.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Third day—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, Mile heats, $25 entrance, sd. sd Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style; weight 160lbs., to close the day before the race.

Same day—For a Splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $150, Two mile heats; entrance depending upon the number of subscribers; the winner to take the glass or the money at his option.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. E. NORVELL,
J. H. OLIVER, } *Proprietors.*

[jy 20]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street [A6]

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day of October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D. Crawford names produce of a Zinganee mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race: to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please addres the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 3]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Norfolk Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th Sept., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, with an inside stake of $1000 each, P.P. Now three entries, and closed, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson. | O. P. Hare. | Edw. J. Wilson.

Fourth day—A Citizens' Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

The above purses payable without discount.

[aug 3] EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats.

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PWRSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

"FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRING RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Victoria Course* will take place on Tuesday, 3d September, within half a mile of the Springs.

First day—Purse $150, ent. $10, Mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $100 each, half forfeit; to name and close the evening preceding the first day's race.

Second day—Purse $250, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—A Post Stake for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to name and close the evening of the fourth day's race.

The above purses will be put up in cash at the stand by the Fauquier White Sulphur Spring Company.

SAMUEL SHELTON.
ARTHUR M. PAYNE.

N.B. Good stables and litter furnished gratis. Newmarket Rules to govern. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over this course during the Fall Meeting of 1839.—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats; four or more to make a race; now four subs.; to close the 1st Sept.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., three or more to make a race; free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. To close the 1st Sept. Now three subscribers.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds Fall Meeting, 1839, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, h.ft.; tthree or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct. Now two subs.

Inside Stake, free for all ages Fall Meeting, 1839, on the day of the Jockey Club Purse (and for the Jockey Club Purse), Four mile heats; to name at the Post, sub. $2000 each, P P.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs.

July 19th, 1839.—[jy 20] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two mile heats, Subscription $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.

The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October.

WM. McCARGC, Proprietor.

Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10-10t.]

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL.
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 1839.—[jy 13]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by Lucius J. Polk, E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand. to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Haulin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of thei colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1aJun

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,

No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [22,tf.]

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annam in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, July 22, 1839.

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
C. D. BARHAM, Secretary. JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.

July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.: four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race* over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates, $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor.*

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J: C.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

NO. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." [jy13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THE public are respectfully informed that this Theatre having been, during the recess, cleansed and repaired, will open on THURSDAY next, Aug. 22d.

The following performers have been engaged, and will appear in conjunction with others, of whom due notice will be given.

Mrs. Martyn, (late Miss Inverarity,) from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Miss Poole, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Mrs. J. C. Fitzwilliams, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Madame La Proche, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Miss Maywood, from the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
Madame Taglioni.
Mr. Manvers, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Sig. Giubilei, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Mr. Martyn, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Mons. Paul Taglioni.
Additions to the stock company are also engaged, viz.:
Mr. and Mrs. Cuswick, from the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
Mr. Shaw, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Mr. Edwin, &c. &c. &c.
The Band has likewise been considerably augmented.
Director and composer, Mr. Eliason, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Leader, Mr. Thomas, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

THURSDAY, Aug. 22—Will be performed THE LADY OF LYONS; Claude Melnotte, Mr. Cuswick, his first appearance in America; Pauline, Miss Maywood, her first appearance at this Theatre.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THE public is respectfully informed that this Theatre will open for the season, on MONDAY EVENING, August 19th, 1839—having, during the recess, been handsomely decorated, with a strict attention to elegance and comfort, under the immediate direction of Mr. Dejonge.

The following celebrated performers have been engaged, and will have the honor of appearing during the season:—Mr. Forrest, Mr. Vandenhoff, Mr. C. Kean, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wallack, Mons. Alexandre, Mr. Hill, Mrs. H. Wallack, Miss Vandenhoff, and Miss Shirreff.

A powerful Stock Company is likewise engaged, including Mr. Brown, W. H. Williams, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Salter, (from London Theatre, Drury Lane and English Opera House, his first appearance in America), Messrs. J. Wallack, Jr., Nefie, Andrews, Walton, Bunner, Jamieson, Horncastle, Rogers, Baldock, Everard, and Mr. H. Wallack; Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Sefton, Mrs. Russell, Miss Monier, Miss Ayres, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Lambert, from the London Theatres, her 1st appearance in America—with a number of other popular artists, of which due notice will be given.

All new and celebrated pieces in Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, and Farce will be produced in rapid succession during the season

Stage Manager, Mr. Mitchell; Prompter, Mr. Ferrers; Principal Artist, Mr. Bengough; Chorus Master, Mr. Duggan.

A splendid Band is engaged, including some of the most celebrated performers.

Principal Machinist, Mr. Hardwick; Properties under the direction of Mr. Dejonge.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

MR. WALLACK, Lessee.—First night of the Season.—First night of Mr. FORREST.

The Public is respectfully informed that this Theatre will open for the season on Monday, 19th August, 1839, with the play of VIRGINIUS; Virginius, Mr. Forrest—to conclude with the farce of TOO LATE FOR DINNER; Frank Poppleton, Mr. Browne; Nicholas Twill, Mitchell; Robert Rafter, Williams; Mr. Pincroft, Lambert; Frederick Poppleton, Walton; Miss Emma Somerton, Mrs. Lambert, her first appearance; Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Russell; Miss Eliza Pincroft, Mrs. Rogers; Letty, Miss Ayres.

TUESDAY, Aug. 20—MACBETH; Macbeth, Mr. FORREST—with a new farce entitled MY SCHOOLFELLOW.

Ms. FORREST will appear in one of his popular characters every night during the week.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE following Theatres will be opened by the subscriber during the ensuing Season, commencing in September, and terminating in May, 1840:—Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery and Wetumpka, Ala. Performers wishing situations in the above circuit, will please address the undersigned (post paid) at Montgomery, Ala. Young performers of talent will meet with every encouragement, and every opportunity afforded them of advancing rapidly in the profession.

WM. R. HART,
Proprietor and Manager.

[jy 27]

Things Theatrical.

It is impossible to do much under this head to-day, without boring the reader with wire-drawn generalities upon "the influence of the drama," (Heaven preserve us! we hear some one exclaim). People are therefore directed to "look aloft," and see the official announcement of what the two crack theatres propose to do for us all next week. There will be so much to see and hear, that the old play-goers had better at once secure lodgings, each near his favorite house, that they may not "have far to go, come dark." The steam-ship Liverpool, owes us some especial grudge, or she would have come in last night, like an honest boat, and told us all the news about English theatres, and English theatrical emigration, and whether **Fanny Ellsler** is engaged by Wallack, or **Macready** by Price. But as she is sure to arrive the very moment our paper goes to press, it will give us leisure to find out all the "nice things" for next week. Pray then be patient, or if you are determined to read theatricals, try your hand at the following delicious sketch of Taglioni—if that be too exhilarating, push on to Theodore Hook's article, a very nice thing in its way,—but if doggedly bent on something of "domestic manufacture," go on further and learn how Mr **George Jones**, of the "Avon" and "Marshall" theatres has secured the respectability and permanency of the stage in the "Old Dominion."

TAGLIONI—BY N. P. WILLIS.

I had not seen Taglioni since the first representation of the Sylphide, eight or nine years ago at Paris. Last night I was at the Opera—saw her in La Gitana, and except that her limbs are the least in the world rounder and fuller, she is, in person, absolutely unchanged. I can appreciate now, better than I could then, (when opera dancing was new to me,) what it is that gives this divine woman the right to her proud title of *La Déesse de la Danse.* It is easy for the Ellslers, and Augusta, and others who are said to be only second to her, to copy her flying steps, and even to produce, by elasticity of limb, the beautiful effect of touching the earth, like a thing afloat, without being indebted to it for the rebound. But Taglioni, alone, *finishes* the step, or the pirouette, or the arrowy bound over the scene, as calmly, as accurately, as faultlessly as she begins it. She floats out of a pirouette as if, instead of being made giddy, she had been lulled by it into a smiling and child-like dream, and instead of trying her strength and *aplomb*, (as is seen in all other dancers, by their effort to recover composure,) it had been the moment when she had rallied and been refreshed. The smile, so expressive of enjoyment in her own grace, which steals over Taglioni's lips when she closes a difficult step, seems communicated, in an undefinable languor, to her limbs. You cannot fancy her fatigued when, with her peculiar softness of motion, she curtsies to the applause of the enchanted audience, and walks lightly away. You are never apprehensive that she has undertaken too much. You never detect, as you do in all other dancers, defects slurred over adroitly, and movements, that, from their anticipating the music of the ballet, are known by the critical eye to cover some flaw in the step, from giddiness or loss of balance. But oh what a new relation bears the music to the dance, when this Spirit of grace replaces her companions in the ballet. Whether the motion seems born of the music, or the music floats out of her dreamy motion, the enchanted gazer might be almost embarrassed to know.

In the new ballet of La Gitana, the music is based upon the Mazurka. The story is the old one of the child of a Grandee of Spain, stolen by gipsies, and recovered by chance in Russia. The gradual stealing over her of a recollection of music she had heard in her childhood, was the finest piece of pantomimic acting I ever saw. But there is one dance, *the Cachucha*, introduced at the close of the ballet, in which Taglioni has enchanted the world anew. It could only be done by herself, for there is a succession of flying movements expressive of alarm, in the midst of which she alights and stands poised upon the points of her feet, with a look over her shoulder of *fiertè* and animation possible to no other face, I think, in the world. It was like a deer, standing with expanded nostril and neck uplifted to its loftiest height, at the first scent of his pursuers in the breeze. It was the very soul of swiftness embodied in a look! How can I describe it to you?

Well—I looked at this marvel of delight from the same box with a very different marvel—Lord Brougham! He came in to pay his respects to the lady who had honored me with one of her ivory tickets, and sat out the *Cachucha* with the delight of less learned people. He was dressed very young, with a black stock and no collar, and rattled away at the operatic gossip very brilliantly and gaily, evidently quite forgetting both wig and woolsack. From the chat of himself, and others in the box, I learned that Taglioni was living apart from her husband, who had gambled away three or four fortunes for her—that Monsieur Devoisin, (I forget his name, but it sounds like that,) was a *vaurien* altogether, and that the danseuse was, in private life, irreproachable and admirable. When she was called out to receive the homage of titled and fashionable London at the fall of the curtain, I could see, in one glance, four persons plying their gloved hands most industriously, whose united applause, one would think, might have passed for a very pretty compliment by itself. Lady Blessington and D'Orsay in a box opposite, Bulwer just over her Ladyship's head, and Lord Brougham beside me.

CHANGE IN THE TASTE FOR PUBLIC THEATRES.

BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

Perhaps as great an alteration as any which has occurred during the last thirty or forty years, is to be found in the theatrical taste of the people—not to go back to the theatrical reign of Garrick, which terminated now sixty-three years since, during which the acceptance or rejection of a comedy formed the subject of general conversation, and most frequently of a voluminous correspondence; and when its appearance was as potent in attracting the "Town" to the theatre, as "a call" is, in securing a full House of Commons. Then there were but two theatres, the seasons of which were limited from the fifteenth of September to the fifteenth of May. Then each theatre had its destined company of actors, a change in which, even in an individual instance, created a sensation in society. Theatrical representations had a strong hold upon the public up to a much later period; in fact, until that which modern liberality denounced as a gross monopoly was abolished, and playhouses sprung up in almost every street in the metropolis.

The argument in favour of this extension, to the manifest injury of the vested rights of the patentees—vested rights never in these days standing in the way of any new-fangled scheme—was that the population of London and the suburbs had so much increased, that the demand for playhouses was greater than the supply, and that "more theatres" were wanted.

The same might be said, upon similar grounds, of pictures, or prints, or books, or statues; but the answer would naturally be—"Very likely; but where are you to find the painters, the engravers, the sculptors?" "Here, here we are," every dabbler of the worst class feeling himself to be adequate to any thing, or every thing, in any or all of the branches of his art. But the public see and feel and think differently. We have the theatres, but where are the authors and the actors to make them attractive. Monkeys, dogs, goats, horses, giants, lions, tigers, and gentlemen who walk upon the ceiling with their heads downwards, are all very attractive in their way, and they will sometimes, not always, fill the playhouses. But as to the genuine drama, the public taste has been weaned from it, first by the multitude of trashy diversions scattered all over the town; and secondly by the consequent scattering of the theatrical talent which really does exist. At each of these minor theatres you find some three or four excellent actors, worked off their legs, night after night, who if collected into two good companies, as of old, would give us the legitimate drama, well and satisfactorily. The people would be glad to see their favourites thus concentrated, and dramatic authors, encouraged by the hope of seeing their plays properly performed, would spring up to furnish us with new food for entertainment.

What is liberally called competition in art, is perfect nonsense. To satisfy the country, let the art be what it may, eminence and power must be secured. In a competition for any great public work (in which competition no eminent artist will engage), it must infallibly turn out that its execution will fall to the lot of some one of an inferior class, even let him be justly deemed the head of it. Why should this be? Why should the academical exercise of a Tyro be selected as the design from which a great national monument is to be erected for all posterity?—Would any man in his senses submit himself to be shaved, every day for a month, by a party of eight and twenty practising barber's apprentices, in order to select from among them one easy shaver, when he might send for the master barber at once to shave him easily? Why are the theatres to become schools for actors, at a time when, scattered about the town and its vicinity there is to be found sufficient talent to furnish good companies for two regular playhouses, whence so much "public amusement" has been derived.

That the change of hours has very greatly conduced to the failure of theatres is unquestionable; for when any thing does occur to make a performance attractive, the whole *régime* of a family is disordered and confounded. For instance, just now, when the revival of Henry V., by that most zealous disciple of Shakspeare, Mr. Macready, has caused an excitement, the inconvenience to which those persons who wish to go to see it, and who at this season of universal "commixturation" happen to be disengaged, are put, is incalculable. And why do they want to go? To enjoy a play? To admire the immortal bard? Not a bit of it. They are anxious to see the beautiful scenery, painted by one of our first-rate artists, and the charming way in which it sets off the chorus, revived by the classical manager.

That tragedy—except ranting tragedy, attractive still to private-school boys and apprentices—is out of fashion, may be attributable to the change of popular feeling as to sentimentality. There is now no such thing to be found as sentiment. Enlightenment and education have driven it out of society. The griefs of lovers, and the sorrows of their mistresses, have now become matters of jest. The love which in other days made youth sentimental, has become a matter either of mere passion or sheer profit. Folks marry, either because they think it will be snug and comfortable, or serviceable and convenient; but the whine of a stage heroine, or the sobbings of a half-crazed hero, have no more effect, except to produce laughter, than the "delicate distresses" of the interesting Delias, and Celias, and Julias, and Amelias, of the respectable and venerated firm of Messrs. Lane and Newman of other days.

One "Public Amusement" seems to have held its place ever since its first establishment in this country—the Opera—it rose in splendour, and though time rolls on, it remains bright and fixed, the sun of the world of fashion which it cheers and charms, in a degree not quite intelligible to those who bask in its rays, neither constantly nor systematically, and who are strangers to the various associations which form its principal charm for its habitual frequenters. But, with this exception, we cannot but be forcibly stricken by the mutations, some of which I have here noticed, intending to return to the subject with reference to other great changes, different from, but still having connexion with, those already remarked upon.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE DRAMA IN VIRGINIA.

Wm. T. Porter, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—In the last number of your periodical an article appeared, under the title of "Theatrical Epistle," &c., in which the writer compliments me upon my energy in establishing the Theatres in Virginia. If the article in question had been one of censure instead of praise, I should not have noticed it; but, being as it is, I crave your indulgence, in order to review some points of the communication, that the causes may be shewn why (not only the Theatre, but higher still) Dramatic Literature has reared its head in that portion of the country, where heretofore it had fallen to decay. Your correspondent proposes a question, which, when answered, will remove his wonder. He asks—"Is it not astonishing that a theatre is at last commenced in Norfolk?" I instantly answer in the negative; for the "Avon" is but the emanation of the Marshall Theatre, the prosperity of which called forth an invitation from the citizens of Norfolk to erect an institution there upon the same principles. Those principles are well known here, but may be "news abroad.' The first principle in regard to the success of the Drama in Virginia (apart from the discourses in reply to the Rev. Mr. Plumer), I consider to be the rule established at the commencement of my season, viz., "that on every Monday evening a legitimate Tragedy, or Comedy, shall be performed, and while they are represented (if successful), sufficient time will be given for the perfect rehearsal of others." This rule may appear strange in New York, where a legitimate composition is scarcely repeated. Yet *in the Marshall Theatre the tragedy of "Macbeth" was repeated six consecutive nights,* and again on the following Monday for my benefit. I doubt if the same incident can be recorded of any other dramatic institution in the country. The season ranged to about one hundred and twenty-five nights, and in that period nearly *one hundred legitimate dramas were produced*, in which over *eighty* of the principal characters were performed by Mrs. **Geo. Jones** and the present writer.

To contrast the last season of the old Richmond Theatre with the first of the "Marshall," I can cite the following incident, viz.—A relation of Mr. Hackett's actually dismissed the audience upon the occasion of her benefit during the old establishment. Last season the receipts at that comedian's benefit were $900, and upon that occasion a legitimate play was produced. On the first night of the tragedy of "Jane Shore" the receipts were nearly the same. From this hasty review of my past campaign, it must appear that other causes must exist, in addition to the one already specified. There are two others. The first is, that *in no theatre under my lesseeship is there a* FREE ADMISSION, the Press, of course, an exception. I refer to the usual admission of stockholders by the right of ownership of the theatre. Upon this point I solicit your patience for a few moments. The Avon Theatre, for instance, is now being erected by shares, of one hundred dollars each. The stockholders have leased me the edifice for nine years, to match my unexpired lease of the Marshall Theatre, for which I give them a certain rent per annum, equal to the legal interest of the State. In addition to this a stockholder of the old school would demand a *free admission*, in other words, a season ticket, valued at thirty dollars, upon receiving which he would actually receive per annum for the use of one hundred dollars *thirty-six per cent.* When this view of the case was brought before the stockholders of the Marshall and Avon Theatres, they instantly relinquished so preposterous a demand, as being, not only contemptible, but unjust.

Your correspondent suggests that I should resuscitate the Drama in Washington, but not until I have made my fortune elsewhere. When I have reaped the well-earned harvest from a generous public, I shall not hazard its loss in an establishment where there are nearly *one hundred and fifty free admissions.*

This false principle of *entrée* may be assigned as a chief cause of the downfall of theatres. The very persons who thus profess to be the "friends of the Drama" are its bitterest enemies; they should (as a body) be the key-stone of the Dramatic arch; yet they unwittingly prove themselves the sappers of the foundation.

The other, and all-powerful cause of the success of the Drama in Virginia is to be attributed to *the strong moral belief in its utility* by the chief body of the people. The theory of the Drama, which I boldly maintained in the Capitol could be brought into actual practice, was doubted even by my friends; *the result, however, has subdued my enemies.* No more discourses are now uttered against the Drama or the Theatre. Many persons last season visited the Temple of the Muses who had not crossed the threshold for years, and who, every Sabbath, are found in their Temple of Religion. Youth heretofore were forbidden even to think of Dramatic Literature; now the chief tutor of our principal seminary feels no shame as he enters the theatre with his class—the fair daughters of Virginia—to witness the historical delineations from the magic pen of Shakspeare—the mighty tutor of the human heart!

This moral revolution having been effected for the Drama in that State, where in the history of the country it was first presented, it requires none of those modern insults upon public taste for its success. Should that evil day arrive during my present responsibility, I shall at once retire from a station that cannot be sustained with honor.

Your correspondent says that "he will aid me with the name of a Divine, as one who evinced a fondness for dramatic performances—Dr. **Paley**." When I cited in my dedicational address (at the laying of the corner stone of the "Avon") the names of **Washington** and **Marshall**, as the true supporters of the Drama, my tongue could not utter, nor can my pen now trace, any other names, even in analogy with those, who, while living, were *models for the Divine*, and though dead, are still the vital emblems of Patriotism and Justice.

With an apology for the length of this communication,

I have the honor to be yours, most truly,

Richmond, Va., Aug. 10, 1839. **George Jones.**

LITERARY AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP IN BALTIMORE.

Mr. Editor,—Are you aware that there is such a place as Baltimore? Is it just that such a city as this, its monuments and all, should be overlooked in the "Times?" Have we no "*spirit*" here? No one to sketch the events flying as they rise? Fury! Just give me elbow-room—"lend me your ears"—and though I may "prattle something too widely," hang me if I don't "let slip" the pen for at least thirty minutes.

I will first prate of the *literary* gossip of Baltimore.

Kennedy is said to be writing some kind of a work, or killing chinces, and keeps his chamber to avoid the expense of electioneering. He only appears among the people on extraordinary occasions, (like C. of the * * Gazette) such as the dedication of a cemetery, or a funeral. He walked until his corns bled when his friend, Gen. Smith, was buried.

Hoffman gazes from his window without seeing what passes,—or studying something. Who wrote "Clement Falconer?" He *could* throw **Ingraham** and **Simms** both into the shade.

L—— wrote a good moral lecture, and delivered it "by *pursuasion*," before the Horticultural Society, some weeks since, but was soon afterwards engaged in the preliminary steps of an affair of honor, between "a Young Whig" and the editor of the C———, and I fear his "cake," &c., should he ever become a candidate in this anti-duelling city. By the way, P—— has an assistant who rarely shaves, and the corners of his mouth are ever marred by the immense quantities of tobacco he uses. He should be a most *bitter* writer.

H—— of the "Post" has "damned" the new comedy, published by friend **White**, of Richmond. He asserts that the *dramatis personæ* are a batch of soft headed gumps, and the author a perfect *squash*. He also makes a thrust at the junior editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine"—this, if I do not err in prognostication, will be dealt back in good time. Neither of the articles were signed "B." and therefore were *gratuitous*.

The "Patriot" lumbers on as usual, aiding the "Atheneum." Friend M— was disappointed in making his usual summer jaunt. His passage was paid, but he jumped into a red car instead of a yellow one. Off went the yellow one, and he remained in the red. The conductor proved that the editor should have seated himself in the yellow—the editor insisted on seating himself where he pleased, and he preferred a red one. Thus the matter rests. The red won't budge in the direction the editor wishes to travel, and consequently that functionary remains sullenly at home.

A— of the "Atheneum" doses on as usual, impressed with the belief that he will dose in the same manner in a future state of existence. Query—Will he "read proof" closer in the next world? Once or twice he has made some show of animation, in a gentle attack on the "Sun," for interfering so confoundedly with his subscription list.

The "Museum" is defunct. **Brooks** is translating "The Mellow Horn" into Greek, and thrashing the little boys, and **Snodgrass** is prescribing pills.

The "Monument" is still issued, but is as full of sermons and psalms as ever.

Baltimore! Baltimore!! How long wilt thou ignobly slumber, whilst other cities are gathering the laurels, and reaping the cash, which of right belongs to thee! Canst thou not be lashed into a fury? Wilt thou look tamely on, whilst a literary periodical of a neighboring city, outstrips in circulation (even here!) all of thine put together? Why comes no stranger hither? A finer field for literary speculation was never open to publishers. Know you of any one who wishes to make a fortune in a very few years? Send him *hither.*

Carter and his lions are here, and the Front street theatre opens for the season to-night. "Old Halliday" seems to be hermetically sealed. The Museum did well this summer. Mrs. **Knight** and Miss **Bernice** turned the heads of the young men about town.

Abbott may be seen any day about noon wending his way towards the Exchange, twirling a pair of gloves in one hand, and a quizzing-glass in the other. **Ward** may be seen shuffling along after night-fall. If **Wallack**, or some of your managers would only join him, and furnish 'stars' when the firmament is too full in Gotham, my word for it, a handsome penny could be made. I have seen——

I'm off to the theatre—Adieu, P——o.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes: a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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